The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 48 NO. 3
MARCH 1961

To the Height

Alice Morrey Bailey

They were peaceful — those of Hovenweep —
Marauder-driven to the heights by war,
Those tenders of the corn, of herds of sheep,
The builders of pueblos, driven far
From much-loved plains, ancestral lands — the skills
Deflected by survival's desperate need —
To fortress-lookouts high among the hills
Where rocky soil repelled their garnered seed.

Since Babel's time fear-ridden men have sought
Advantage gained by climbing to the height,
Escaping doom, eluding slavery's rod.
Each generation's bravest men have fought,
But few have learned the spirit's surest might,
The true supremacy of serving God.

The Cover: Canyon Lake, Arizona
Color transparency by Willard Luce

Frontispiece: Stronghold House, Hovenweep National Monument, Utah
Photograph by Willard Luce

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Cover Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

From Near and Far

On behalf of all the sisters of this mission, thank you so much for *The Relief Society Magazine*. Even those who cannot read English enjoy the lovely covers and illustrations, and the elders often tell us they find some of the most inspiring material in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Lois Geniel Jensen
President
Uruguayan Mission
Relief Society
Montevideo, Uruguay

For some time I have intended writing to tell you how much I enjoy reading *The Relief Society Magazine*. I have received the *Magazine* as a gift from Mrs. R. B. Capps of Hartsville, South Carolina, whose son Garn S. Capps was a missionary here for some time. I like the lesson department and also very much enjoyed the articles on the restoration of the Bee Hive House (by Helen S. Williams, July and August 1960). I look forward to receiving the *Magazine* every month, and my family and I are truly grateful to Sister Capps.

—Mrs. H. A. Hughes
Charters Towers, Australia

The *Magazine* for January 1961 has arrived. I must comment on the cover of this issue by Claire Noall. It is beautiful! I do appreciate the coloring and proportion of the picture.

—Mrs. Florence H. Hanson
Salt Lake City, Utah

We treasure the *Magazine*. It makes us feel more a part of this great organization to know what other Relief Societies are doing all over the world.

—Pauline R. Stevens
President
Big Horn Stake Relief Society
Lovell, Wyoming

We are very thrilled and grateful for the things to make that are found in the *Magazine* each month.

—Dorothy Tobiasson
Ashland, Oregon

May we in the North British Mission express our appreciation for the wonderful *Relief Society Magazine*. It is the *Magazine* that stays within my constant reach for lovely talks, poems, and stories. The beautiful, colorful covers are so inviting to all of us. I know our *Magazine* sales have greatly improved these past few months. It is such a joy to open each new issue and find articles written by those whom you have loved and associated with.

—Nada R. Brockbank
President
North British Mission
Relief Society
Hale, Cheshire

The poetry in the *Magazine* is always lovely, and the stories are becoming more sensitive and real. I find spiritual enrichment each month from the moment I take the *Magazine* from the mailbox and view with charmed vision the beautiful cover, to the moment I file it away read from cover to cover.

—Wanda F. Hilton
Walnut Creek, California

Thank you so very much for our wonderful *Magazine*. The sweet spirit of the gospel is expressed on every page, on the cover, in pictures, poetry, and prose. How I look forward to receiving it every month! What a power for good it would be if it could be placed and read in every home throughout the world.

—Miss Golda A. Thomas
Farmington, Missouri

May I say that some of the dearest and most prized associations in my life have been among the Relief Society members. I love the organization and the *Magazine*, and I could be listed among the young mothers. I have seven children and have been a teacher in Relief Society for the past six years, I should say I have been "a class leader."

—Esther H. Yeaman
Burley, Idaho

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Pattern of Living

Alberta H. Christensen

Member, General Board of Relief Society

[Address Delivered at the General Session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 5, 1960]

IN a recent group conversation, an acquaintance of mine said, "Now that my children are grown, time hangs heavily; in fact, I am simply bored at times."

Another woman made this statement, "There are plenty of interesting, wonderful things to do, but there is simply no time to do any of them."

Both attitudes are lamentable, especially in this age of enlightenment and of crucial events. I commented that women who are mothers, grandmothers, and Relief Society workers, are indeed busy, and that there is very little of what might be called leisure time. And yet as I look around me, I see women who not only do well what they are required to do, but who accomplish much beyond the scheduled tasks of the day. They seem to make maximum use of their time. They are happy, gracious women, who radiate the goodness of life. They are women who live constructively and with purpose. We have no difficulty identifying them, for their abundant lives lift them above all that is mediocre.

We have been taught as Latter-day Saints that we came to earth for a definite purpose and that we shall be held responsible for the use we make of our time, which means, of course, what we make of our lives. For we indicate and develop the quality of our lives by what we choose to do.

We believe and teach our children that there are certain obligations which are basic to the gospel plan and, therefore, should have first claim upon our time. These obligations concern the home — tasks needful for the comfort and good of fathers, mothers, and children — and service to the Church which will further the Lord's work.

There is always an element of choice, but at certain periods of life, these two major responsibilities may occupy most of a mother's time. Yet to most of us come periods of less required activity — when there are fewer boys' shirts to iron and less fruit to be canned. In these intervals of freer time, we may choose our activities, and, by that choice, we indicate our interests and the quality of our thinking.

It is true that these intervals of leisure are brief — mere fragments of time — but days, months, and years are made of such fragments.

One man has wisely said, "There are no fragments so precious as those of time, and none are so heedlessly lost by people who cannot make a moment — and yet can waste years."

How, then, shall we use these brief intervals? Each woman must decide for herself — must choose her own pattern of living, but if she

is wise, she will heed wise counsel. Perhaps it would be well for all of us, as mothers and Relief Society workers, to appraise our own activities carefully, and ask ourselves a few questions. Are we frittering away hours or partial hours? Are we dissipating our energy rushing here and there needlessly? Are we constantly postponing activities, which we honestly hope to accomplish *sometime*, because we think we are too busy? Goethe said, "We always have time enough if we will but use it right." Are we engaging in activities which bring neither comfort and joy to our families nor enrichment to ourselves?

AS mothers, we need also to keep in mind that our children will remember our pattern of activity and that pattern may greatly influence, for good or ill, the homes which they will eventually establish. The memory of my mother's cheerful, kindly services to others has been for me as a lantern of glowing light throughout my adult years.

What, then, are some of the worthwhile activities which can be accomplished in partial days, even partial hours?

There are individual talents to be developed or reactivated. The Lord has counseled us in Section 60 of The Doctrine and Covenants: "Thou shalt not idle away thy time, neither shalt thou bury thy talent that it may not be known" (verse 13). It is evident that our Father in heaven desires that we waste no time, and that he would have us develop and use our inherent abilities.

We are counseled to study and to learn — to become acquainted with books that will yield us words of wisdom. If we plan well, we can do considerable reading which will enrich our thinking and motivate us to good action, even in short intervals of time. We can be spiritually refreshed and our understanding of the gospel increased by consistent, although short-period, reading of the scriptures.

There are many lovely things for women's hands to make that will beautify the home and develop an appreciation for the aesthetic. But in this field we need to be selective and develop discrimination.

We must not forget that most enriching of all activities — the giving of oneself for the benefit of others. All Relief Society women know that in fragments of time, comfort and aid can be given to a neighbor who is ill. It does not require a day to welcome a newcomer into the neighborhood. Kindness to the homebound — extra services to living loved ones, or for those who have gone beyond this life, are activities of enduring worth.

Such activities leave no time for neighborhood gossip, discontent, boredom, or petty jealousies.

I think these words of Thoreau are significant, "As if we could kill time without injuring eternity."

I pray that our Father in heaven will help us to put high value upon the priceless gift of time; and that we will be wise and make use of his guidance regarding it. I pray that we may be able to distinguish between the worthwhile and the irrelevant; that we may live joyous, abundant lives, and leave for our children a pattern of wisdom and of sweet remembrance. And I ask this humbly.

Third Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Stranger at the Gate

Kit J. Poole

"I'LL not have another guest in this inn tonight!" I cried out harshly at the retreating figure of my husband, Benjamin. He shouted back in the same harsh tones, "I told the man there was no room in the inn, but he's persistent. You take care of him."

Anger seethed helplessly within. I was six months with child. Benjamin seemed neither to notice or care. I had worked since sunup preparing linens and food for guests at the inn. Every inn in Bethlehem was crowded with the native-born who were returning to register for Caesar's decree of taxation. Ours was filled beyond capacity. I wondered where Benjamin expected to lodge these people. I knew that he would demand full payment, even if he gave them the stable. Sometimes it was difficult to believe that this greedy malevolent man was the gentle Benjamin whom I had married.

I had hoped that the child to be born would restore the close relationship which Benjamin and I had once enjoyed. When I told him the news he had only smiled grimly and, without comment, returned to his accounts.

There had not always been this anger and bitterness between us. In the first years of our marriage Benjamin had been kind and tender toward me. The love that was between us during those first years made life a constant wonder and delight. We had enough wealth between us that we had no worries about the material things of life. We had everything life could offer. If Benjamin had a weakness it was his love of possessions. He took pride in his vineyards, fields, and our estate. He loved to see me dressed in rich gowns and finery and enjoyed admiration for me in the eyes of men. I was his possession, and he displayed me with the same pride he did his holdings.

KIT J. POOLE

A man, whom Benjamin had every reason to trust, came to Ben-

jamin with a proposition which promised to increase our fortune many times. Benjamin investigated every detail of the proposal and found the venture to be safe in every way. He invested not only his own fortune but my inheritance as well in the venture. The corruption of the man had been carefully concealed. Benjamin discovered it too late. When we finally faced the loss of all our land and holdings, Benjamin had become a bitter, brooding man. All that was left of our fortune was the inn. Benjamin became innkeeper. It was difficult for me to be an innkeeper's wife, but the long hours in the inn, rough hands, and weariness would have been as nothing, if I had felt Benjamin loved me.

He became a stranger to me. He became calculating and cynical. He drove a hard bargain in the inn and loved the clink of coins in the cash box. He became involved in many petty schemes to become rich. He seemed to be in a constant fever to restore our lost fortunes. He held long conferences in the inn office with grim-faced men. All of his plans met with adversity. He seldom glanced at me, and, if he did, his eyes refused to meet mine. At times, when I saw the look of despair in his face, I tried to offer him words of comfort, but he would shrug his shoulders, mutter some word of anger and stamp out. He had shut me out of his life.

My beauty, which had captivated him in the early years of our marriage, was gone. Overwork and worry had brought lines to my face, and my hair was prematurely sprinkled with gray. My hands were rough and red. I was no longer the Anna whom he had displayed and admired. The knowledge that I was unloved reduced me to a petulant and complaining woman.

I heard the loud persistent pounding at the gate and went out into the courtyard. My cheeks were hot and the cool night air refreshed me. Unmindful of the clamor without, I sat down. The sky was strangely bright. The courtyard was illumined with a lovely light from the heavens. I observed one particular star and marveled at its brightness and beauty. A new one, surely. I sighed softly. If only Benjamin would enjoy this moment with me. But I knew we would never share a starlit evening again.

The man at the gate was becoming more determined and I rose reluctantly and opened it with a loud clang. I said in a cool, hard voice. "We have no room in the inn." I would have closed the gate but his foot barred it.

"We must have shelter in your inn tonight!" The desperation in the man's voice made me look at him more closely. I saw a darkly handsome man with a noble bearing and penetrating black eyes.

"I am Joseph of Galilee. We have traveled many miles. My wife is in no condition to travel further." He kept his foot pressed firmly against the gate.

"We have no room!" I said it once more coldly. My voice trailed off as I looked toward the roadway. The bright stars illumined the figure of a pathetically thin donkey. Seated upon it was a woman. But as I looked closer, she seemed little more than a child. I stepped toward her and she raised her head

proudly. She looked full into my face. I was assailed with her beauty. It was more than mere physical perfection. Dark curls tumbled about her shoulders, and her skin was translucent and flawless. She sat silhouetted against the sky in a golden glow of light. Her eyes were large and luminous and contained an almost unspeakable joy. She brushed her hand wearily across her forehead and sighed. "Joseph, we must hasten . . . surely there must be some place for us in Bethlehem."

I saw that she was big with child. She sat bravely upon the donkey, smiling gently, trying to hide her pain. I could see that her time was at hand. The man, Joseph, was beside her now. His eyes were raised to hers in such tenderness and concern that I turned away. The unloved can never bear the sight of such naked devotion in the eyes of another.

The woman looked at me with compassion in her eyes. Her hand touched my shoulder. "You, too, are with child. How blessed we are." It was like a benediction.

Benjamin was standing in the shadows listening, and he said in a strangely gentle voice, "Every room in the inn is filled, but our stable is clean. I shall prepare a place for you there."

I hurried to the inn and brought back my own sweet-smelling linens. I made a soft bed for them in the hay. I worked swiftly. All weariness was gone, and I felt only a great surge of exhilaration.

BENJAMIN spoke in hushed tones to the man as he helped prepare the stable for the night. The hard lines of his face had relaxed, and he kept looking at the couple in a puzzled, questioning way.

Finally, the stable was ready for the night. The woman stood by the window looking quietly into the heavens. Her eyes were calm and she seemed remote now. The man, Joseph, stood beside her. They did not speak to one another, nor did their fingers touch. There was a communication between them which was beyond the need of speech or touch. A terrible sense of loss seized me as I looked at them.

Benjamin stood hesitating in the doorway with the same perplexed expression upon his face. His lips formed words, but he seemed unable to voice them. Suddenly, he raised his hand in salutation and was gone.

I felt that the woman would want the assistance of another of her own sex at such a time. Timidly, I offered my help. She smiled sweetly and shook her head. Her eyes were clear and fearless and shone with an ecstatic joy. She had no further need of me. I felt myself an intruder before a shrine. Quietly, I left the stable.

The night was strange. I slept fitfully. I arose once and went to the doorway. Not even a night bird called. There was a hushed expectancy about the earth, as if it waited for some great event. The great star shone over the stable. The animals were quiet and still. Far off on the hillside I saw sheep grazing. In the distance I heard the shepherd's horn calling the lost sheep. Into the stillness of the night, there came a sound. It was indescribably sweet and brought quick, joyful tears to my eyes. A

great tenderness enveloped me. It was the first cry of the child born in our stable. In my sleep it was not a baby's first cry I heard, but a triumphant shout. "Unto us a child is born . . . unto us a Son is given . . . . Hallelujah. . . . Hallelujah. . . ." The air about me seemed to quiver with exquisite notes of music.

Toward morning I heard a loud knocking at the gate. Men's voices were hoarse with excitement. Benjamin rose, grumbling. Later, I heard him speak in odd, hushed tones. "Shepherds have come from the hills to see the newborn Babe."

I awakened in the morning to the song of a bird outside my window. It sang so exultantly that I was enveloped in a great tenderness. I dressed quickly, thinking upon the strange night. I hurried to the stable, eager to see the newborn Babe.

BENJAMIN had arrived before me. He stood uncertainly in the doorway. We entered the stable together. There was an indefinable change in the place. The rough wood walls glowed warmly. The animals were hushed and silent. The air seemed distilled into a more refined substance. The mother held the Baby in her arms as though she held a tiny bird who might escape and fly heavenward at any moment. Her fingers brushed against the rosy cheeks and her lips formed tender words of endearment. Her eyes shone and looked into the distance as though she shared a secret joy with someone unseen. The Child looked at me and smiled, and I felt my soul would melt with the joy of that moment. I felt my own child stir within me. I turned to Benjamin, wanting him to share this experience with me. As I turned I saw his gaze was full upon me. He was looking at me as I had never seen him look before. I trembled before him.

"Anna . . . Anna . . ." was all he said. Taking my hand, he led me from the stable. We sat down on a rough bench outside. His fingers felt the rough texture of my hands. "Anna," his eyes refused to meet mine, "I want you to know, I'm happy about this child."

I felt quick tears come to my eyes. Not until this moment had he made reference to the child who was to be born. His voice was husky. "When I saw you looking at the Babe, I seemed to realize your condition for the first time."

"You've been busy with the inn, Benjamin."

"It was as though, in that minute, the years dropped away and all the bitterness was gone," he said.

"I felt it, too, Benjamin."

"Anna . . . this couple . . . they're so poor. . . ."

"Yes, Benjamin?"

There was wonder in his voice. "Somehow it doesn't seem important to them." He paused a moment, resolving it in his mind. "It is as though all else is unimportant, except for what is between them . . . the Child . . . their love."

"What else has meaning, Benjamin?"

His fingers once more felt the rough surface of my hands. "Anna, I've despised myself for depriving you of the wealth you were born to."

I could scarcely trust my voice. "You've deprived me of nothing but your love, Benjamin."

There was self-loathing in his

voice. "I've reduced you to a serving woman, an innkeeper's wife." Suddenly he was up, pacing the hard earth. "I've tried so hard, Anna . . . I felt that if I could restore our fortune that things would be the same between us, Anna."

My voice was trembling when I spoke. "Benjamin, love is not measured by the purse, but by the heart."

"I never believed that, Anna . . . not until . . . until this couple came to our inn."

"They have so much Benjamin."

There was a new note in his voice. "Anna . . . Anna . . . I've been so blind." His arms were around me and he was holding me tight. "A poor, roofless stranger at my gate showed me a truth you have known from the beginning."

I could hear the mother's voice crooning to her Child in tones of unearthly joy.

"No, Benjamin. Not poor. Rich! The richest guests we've ever entertained in our inn."

Kit J. Poole, a newcomer to the pages of *The Relief Society Magazine,* is a native of Canada. "I was born in Ottawa," she tells us, "and was converted to the Church there. At age nine years I won first place in a story contest and have written ever since. As a child, my stories and poems were published in the *Ottawa Citizen.* I was introduced to the Church through writing three one-half hour radio plays for the missionaries which were produced locally. I won a Nation-wide radio play writing contest when I was seventeen. The play was produced on a national network. After that I wrote and produced plays for a radio station. Since my marriage I have devoted most of my time to rearing five children, teaching in Relief Society, and writing skits and readings for the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. Some of my work has been published in the *Improvement Era.* I am married to Dr. Leland A. Poole, a member of the Ninth Ward bishopric in Long Beach, California."

Little Girl Walking

Grace Barker Wilson

We walk along; she holds my hand
Until a bright leaf falls;
She rushes ahead to pick it up,
Then stops when a bird calls.

She loves the flowers and all the trees,
And pats them one by one;
She sights an airplane in the sky
As it reflects the sun.

Each day we share companionship,
The best of friends are we,
Though I am over seventy,
While she is only three.

Temple Square in Salt Lake City

Brief History of Its Growth and Development

PART V—MONUMENTS ON THE TEMPLE SQUARE

Elder Preston Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

Courtesy Church Historian's Office

THE HANDCART MONUMENT

THE HANDCART MONUMENT

A bronze monument, entitled "The Handcart Family," the work of a Utah sculptor, Torlief Knaphus, was unveiled on Temple Square by President Heber J. Grant, on September 25, 1926. Two aged handcart pioneers, Alfred Burningham of Bountiful, Utah, and Michael Jensen of Gunnison, "white haired and bowed," were present to witness the ceremony.

The principal speaker of the occasion was Elder Levi Edgar Young, Professor of Western History at the University of Utah, and one of the General Authorities of the Church.

"Elder Young told in detail the hardships encountered by the Handcart Pioneers in their trek across the plains, noting that, approximately 3,000 people walked from the Missouri River to Salt Lake Valley, pushing or pulling two-wheeled carts, in which were their only possessions.

"He explained that the reason they attempted this tedious journey was that they were too poor to pur-

chase animals and wagons for the trip, and undertook the journey by foot, rather than wait for other means.

"Telling of their sacrifices, he commended the Handcart Pioneers for their strong characters and unyielding courage. He said that they came here to find their God, and nothing could divert them from their purpose. Their noble spirit and lofty courage should be admired by every son and daughter of Utah" (*Journal History*, September 25, 1926).

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEMORIAL MONUMENT

THE beautiful monument on Temple Square, which memorializes the appearance of John the Baptist to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, on May 15, 1829, when that heavenly being conferred upon the two young men the Aaronic Priesthood, is a work of art to be seen and admired. Avard Fairbanks was the sculptor of the monument.

At the unveiling of this monument, which took place on the evening of October 10, 1958, President David O. McKay spoke to the large group assembled as follows:

"This is not a monument to John the Baptist, nor to Joseph Smith, nor to Oliver Cowdery. . . . This is really not a monument to an individual. It is just what we say on the program. It is a monument to a great event, one of the greatest in the history of the world, and associated with it are eternal principles; a monument to the bestowal of the Aaronic Priesthood, and by a man who had it by birth and by conferring; who had it directly from the source of all priesthood, God our Father and his Son."

Courtesy Church Historian's Office

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEMORIAL MONUMENT

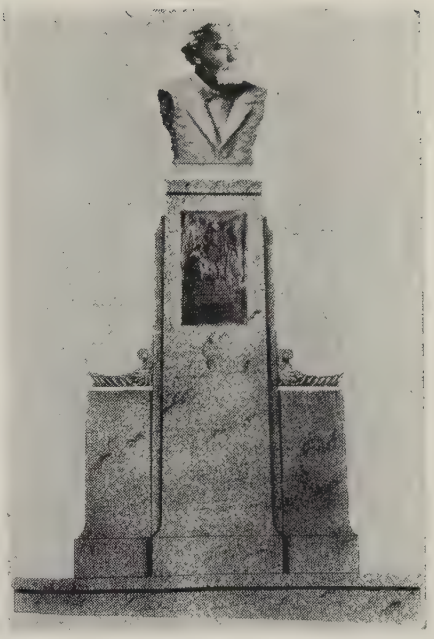
MONUMENT TO CHARLES R. SAVAGE

AT the northeast corner of Temple Square, outside the wall and on the sidewalk, is a small monument erected to the memory of Charles R. Savage, founder of Old Folks Day, as it is observed in Utah. This monument was unveiled on July 23, 1936, by Mrs. Nan Savage Richardson, eldest daughter of Charles R. Savage. At the time of the unveiling, Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon said, "The Old Folks Central Committee presents this monument to the city, that it may stand as a monument to the Old Folks movement, and the founder, for many decades to come." Mayor E. B. Erwin accepted the monument in behalf of the city.

Former Mayor C. Clarence Neslen then paid a tribute to Charles R. Savage, with whom he was well acquainted. He stated that Mr. Savage gave much attention to community life, and that he was an inspiration to young and old. "Everyone in the neighborhood loved him and sorrowed at his passing. It was because of his motto, 'Never forget old people' that led him to promote the Old Folks movement."

At the funeral of Charles R. Savage, which was held in the Assembly Hall on February 7, 1909, my father, Bishop Charles W. Nibley, paid him this tribute:

"His work with the aged was his chief delight. He it was who originated the movement that has blessed and comforted many thousands of aged men and women. He was the mainspring of the committee. The presence of this large congregation is due to the love that was in his heart. He loved all mankind and recognized in every man a friend and brother. There was not a selfish thought in him and he sought the good of all. He will be remembered and his place can scarcely be filled. He exemplified the message heralded by the angels: 'Peace on earth; good will to men' " (*Journal History*, February 7, 1909).



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

MONUMENT TO CHARLES R. SAVAGE

Mystic Syllables

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Forsythia is first to raise
Soprano tones against the cold
Like a wing-spread, golden bird.
One moment frigid, then a maze
Of brilliance in small bells of gold.
Who can name the mystic word
Whereby forsythia learned to save
All these syllables of sun,
Translated now to glowing bloom,
From abundance summer gave?
See. The miracle is done
And summer's spirit fills the room.

Close to the Angels

Norma A. Wrathall

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways (Psalms 91:11).

LISA Britton's face was flushed as she took the large round lid from the sterilizer kettle, allowing a cloud of steam to billow into the kitchen. Some of it drifted into the dinette and settled on the cold window pane, where five-year-old Andrew was drawing with his chubby forefinger. Lisa's thin arms tensed as she lifted out the rack of nursing bottles, still trembling from the heat. She placed the rack on the counter, and then laid the back of her wrist against her moist forehead.

"Andrew, dear, tiptoe ever-so-softly into the hall, and listen if baby sister is crying. Ever-so-softly, now."

Andrew made a final swoop with his finger, and stood back to survey his work. "Look, Mama. It's an angel. It might even be a winter angel. Should I make wings on it?"

"Andrew, walk softly, now."

"Mama! You didn't look."

"Yes, dear. I am looking. It's lovely. And now, will you be a good boy and. . . ."

"Sure, Mama." His short legs moved with awkward care as he placed his feet. "See, Mama. I'm a tiger cat, with pillows on my feet."

A smile stirred the corners of her mouth. "Well, don't growl, tiger cat."

Lisa had turned back to the stove, and was stirring the formula in the double boiler. She did hope that baby Janette would sleep a little longer. All night, it seemed, she had fretted and cried, until at last Lisa had taken her, crib and all, into the living room so Karl's sleep would not be disturbed. Little enough he could sleep at best, with long hours at his job, and then night school, and studying on top of that.

A frown of uneasiness gathered Lisa's forehead. It didn't seem natural for the baby to cry so much, and yet she was not exactly sick. The day before, Lisa had called the doctor, and he suggested that she make the formula stronger. Maybe the baby was hungry, he said. There seemed to be nothing serious, from Lisa's explanation. She had been embarrassed, after she put down the phone. She didn't want him to think of her as just another fussy young mother. She had tried to read and study as much as possible about child care. Certainly, she didn't intend to be one of those helpless women who run to the doctor with every little thing.

Later that same afternoon, Karl's Aunt Ellie had stopped by. "My goodness, Lisa! There's nothing wrong with *this* young one. See her fat roly-poly little tummy. You've just spoiled her, that's what." Aunt Ellie had danced baby Janette on her plump knees. "Babies have to cry a little, don't they, Dumplin' Darlin'?" and Aunt Ellie had continued rocking and bouncing.

Andrew appeared suddenly from behind the door. "I'm not a tiger cat any longer," he said in a loud

whisper. "She wasn't crying. And I didn't go clear in, either. Just by the door."

"Oh, that's good. You help Mama so much."

Andrew went back to the window.

"Now I better finish my angel. My Sunday School teacher says angels don't have wings. But Freddie says they do. He goes to a different church, and he says all their angels have wings. But if they don't have wings, how can they come where we are?"

"Well, Mama doesn't know about that. Besides, the steam is nearly all dried off the window. Why don't you put on your wraps and go outdoors for a while? You can make a snowman."

Andrew chattered on as he struggled into his snowsuit, and Lisa bent to help with zippers and boots.

"Come on, now. Be careful down these slippery steps."

The icy air cooled her hot cheeks. Andrew tumbled into the soft snow, and she thought that he looked like a storybook elf, in his bright red suit with its peaked cap. She saw that Karl had swept paths around the clotheslines.

As she returned to her work, Lisa wished that she had not cut off Andrew's questions. She could have explained to him. But always she had found it hard to put her thoughts into words; always she held back, embarrassed at the depth of her own feelings.

Lisa tiptoed about the house, gathering up the clothes that simply must be washed. Sometimes she was lonely, wanting to talk to another woman. She had lived with her grandparents, now aged and living in a distant state. She and Karl had moved recently into their new home. "It's too good a buy to miss, even if it is kind of far out. It will be worth it, to have a place of our own," Karl had said of the small house on the acre lot. So they had scraped together the necessary down payment, and had moved just as winter was setting in. There were no close neighbors on the one-way street, except some people who had moved into the house on the corner.

THAT morning, she had tried to explain to Karl as he ate his breakfast. "Karl, I think there must be something wrong with the baby. She cried nearly all night. Not a hard cry. Just a weeping little sound. Do you think I should call the doctor?"

"Why, sure, hon, call him if you want to. But she seems all right to me." Karl poured milk over his cereal.

"Aunt Ellie said it might be her teeth. But I'm not sure. . . ."

"That must be it. Aunt Ellie should know. She's had six of her own. . . . I've got to dash." He kissed her, grabbed his lunch box, and started toward the door, pulling on his heavy jacket. "Don't forget, this is my late night at school," he said.

Lisa followed him to the porch. She half wanted to call him back. But, of course, she could not. He was mumbling under his breath as he primed the cold motor, and then the car sped down the driveway, and she was alone again with the children.

She called the doctor's office at two o'clock, but the nurse's pleasant, impersonal voice assured her that

Doctor Overly was too busy to come to the phone. "What seems to be your problem? . . . I see . . . no fever? . . . Just a bit? Well, I'll ask Dr. Overly to call you just as soon as he can."

In the early afternoon, while Andrew took his nap and the baby slept fitfully, the quiet sounds of the house awoke. The clock ticked on the mantelpiece. Invisible feet creaked across the floorboards.

Later, as she dressed the baby, her fingers rubbed gently up the tiny back and shoulders and neck. Janette cried again.

She put the baby into the crib in the living room and glanced at the clock. Office hours were nearly over, and the doctor had not called back. Andrew was building a farm on the rug with his blocks.

"See, Mama. I builded a farm. This is the road with this big truck going on it. The snow is deep, so there's chains on the truck, big clankety ones like that new lady down on the corner has on her car."

"What new lady? Andrew, have you been visiting again?"

"Just for a minute. While you were washing."

Lisa dialed the phone. Again the nurse's voice fell gently on her ear. "Oh, I am sorry, Mrs. Britton. Doctor hasn't had a minute to call you. He's still very busy."

Lisa cut in sharply. "But I must talk to him. Please. It's very important." She drew in her breath, and her heart pounded. (Please, she thought, please help me to say the right thing!)

"Well . . . hold on for just a moment, please."

She could hear crying in the background, and subdued voices in conversation. She strained her ears to hear what the nurse was saying.

"YES, Mrs. Britton. This is Doctor Overly."

Lisa gave a little start. Her voice was jerky as she gave the list of symptoms.

"Now, Mrs. Britton, I know you are concerned. But from what you have told me, I don't believe it is serious. Maybe you could bring her in the first of the week. I'll ask my nurse to give you an appointment."

She moistened her lips. "Doctor, there is one other thing. I don't know if it is important. Every time I touch this place, she cries. It isn't a swelling, exactly. . . ."

As she explained, he cut in, his voice alert, and asked questions. Then, "Well, maybe you'd better bring her down tonight. I'll wait here at my office. Can you come right away?"

"Oh, yes. Thank you, Doctor. I'll start immediately."

Then, as she replaced the phone, she gave a little gasp, and said aloud. "What can I be thinking of! There's no car. And it's Karl's late night."

Andrew's voice was clear and untroubled. "You could ask that new lady, Mama. She's got chains on her car. Big clankety chains."

"Oh, I couldn't. I don't even know her."

"That's all right, Mama. She won't care if you don't know her."

The woman who answered her knock was broad-faced, wide-bodied. She was smoothing a clean apron over her work clothes.

"Yes? Come in."

"I'm Lisa Britton. From down the block. My baby is sick, and needs to go to the doctor, but my

husband is away, he won't be home until ten o'clock or later, and there is no way I can get in touch with him. I wondered if you, if you could possibly. . . ."

The impassive face wrinkled into a sudden smile. "You hurry too fast. I'm Anna Lansky. I wait for my husband and my boy to come home for supper. You come in, sit down a minute, and tell me."

Lisa could never recall clearly the happenings of the next few hours. She remembered her own swift explantation, of hearing Anna Lansky say, "I just got old car here now, but I'll take you," and that she had scribbled a note for her son and her husband.

Then they were all bundled into the car, riding over the snowy streets, the windshield wiper squeaking away at the sleet.

When they reached the doctor's office, the nurse had left, so Liza undressed the baby. Somehow, the sight of Doctor Overly's pink bald head, gleaming under the overhead light, and his half-exasperated comment, "For goodness' sake! Unwrap that baby," comforted her.

SHE watched in silence as his fingers examined the tiny form, his intelligent eyes noting every detail.

At last he looked up. "It is very fortunate that you thought to tell me about this symptom over the phone. Otherwise, I wouldn't have asked you to bring her in so late, and in another twenty-four hours, we would have had a serious infection. As it is, I think we've caught it in time."

He continued his instructions. As she dressed the baby, Lisa's hands had stopped trembling. But there was this cold place at the pit of her stomach, this feeling that was to haunt her sleep for nights to come, jerking her sharply awake. What if she had not thought to tell him about the soft little place that wasn't a lump at all? What had sharpened her awareness, so she had known what to say?

At last they were home, and Lisa had thanked Anna Lansky from a tear-filled throat, and had heard her say, her broad face wrinkled into its unexpected smile, "That's what neighbors are for."

She sat by the kitchen table, as Andrew dipped graham crackers into his milk, a bedtime treat. She had forgotten to draw the shades, and as her glance wandered idly to the frosted panes, she saw the outline of Andrew's *angel*, now only a blur. Her heart quickened, remembering the words she had almost missed saying. She thought of Anna Lansky, a stranger who had helped her; of Doctor Overly, who had waited at his office after an arduous day; of an old car that had taken them over the slippery streets and back again; of a child who had said, "But Mama, ask that new lady; it doesn't matter if you don't know her."

As if guessing her thoughts, Andrew yawned, and said sleepily, "I don't think I'll draw another angel tomorrow. It's too hard. I'll make one in the snow. But, Mama, if you had a guardian angel, would it ever tell you things?"

"Well, not exactly. But it might help you know what to say, or to think of the right thing to do." Lisa smiled comfortingly as she patted his hand, and her eyes smiled deeply into his.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1901

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A WORD OF LOVE AND GREETING: . . . we bear you our testimony that the work we are engaged in is of God. That the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the Relief Society, which is a portion of that Church, were organized by the Prophet of the Lord. That we knew Joseph Smith personally, and saw and heard him many times speaking to the Saints when he was so filled with the Spirit of the Lord that his countenance became transparent, and he looked and spoke like a heavenly being. . . . We desire to leave this testimony with you all, and to have you understand and remember that the Prophet of the Lord organized our Relief Society that we might have the glorious privilege of doing the same kind of work that our Lord and Savior did when He was upon this earth . . . in looking after the sick and the afflicted, the poor and the needy . . . and all who are discouraged or in any way troubled. . . .

— Zina D. H. Young, Jane S. Richards, Bathsheba W. Smith, Sarah J. Cannon

A WOMAN SUPERINTENDENT: Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian Education, has just issued her annual report, from which the following extracts are made. Since her appointment 26 months ago, Miss Reel has been in the field 17 months, has inspected 49 schools, traveled 4,138 miles, of which 2,087 miles were covered by wagon, pack horse and on foot, over lofty mountains, through dense forests, on remote frontiers and over rugged trails between precipitous cliffs.

—Notes and News

THE POET

He presses on before the race,
And sings out of a silent place,
Like faint notes of a forest bird
On heights afar that voice is heard;
And the dim path he breaks today
Will some time be a trodden way. . . .

—Selected

HOW TO FORGIVE: . . . We are all God's children, with all our faults and failings, and very liable to yield to temptation. If we are not able to do a great work, can we not do good in little things? always having leniency one with another, selecting the good from a person's character and letting the bad alone; filling our lives with so much good that the evil will have no place whatever. . . .

—R. A. S.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE — JANE BALLANTYNE TAYLOR: Sister Taylor was a woman of generous impulses and gave much to the needy, and she was especially charitable in her estimate of the character of others. It is said of her that she never spoke evil of any one; silence was her habit when there was gossip . . . unless she could refute what was being said. . . .

—E. B. W.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

BLANCA PEREZ is one of the rapidly growing middle-class Colombian women (South America) who are becoming important to the life of their country, and who voted for the first time in the 1960 elections. Although Colombian women were given the vote in 1954, fear and a lack of understanding prevented many from using this right. The growth of a strong middle class (between the wealthy citizens and the very poor peons) is strengthening all Latin American countries, and women from this group have become very active in social betterment and educational projects.

BETSEY TALBOT BLACKWELL, editor of *Mademoiselle* magazine, has announced the selection of ten young women (under thirty) who have received the 1960 Merit Awards for distinctive achievement. The women are: Patricia Bath, specialist in cancer research at Hunter College; Lynn Seymour, Canadian born, now a star in the Royal Ballet (British); Jane Powell Rosenthal, museum curator and field archeologist who specializes in pre-Columbian American cultures; Elizabeth Seal, English actress, now playing on Broadway, New York; Wilma Rudolph, American Olympic star, winner of three gold medals recently in Rome; Susan Greenburg, an expert photographer of "elusive moments," trained at Sarah Lawrence College and at Yale; Lee Bontecou, sculptress, American born, studied in Italy, and is famous for her bronze birds; Julie Isles, American designer of simple clothing for women; Elaine May, political commentator, educated at the University of Chicago; Helen Jean Rogers, former instructor in political theory at Harvard, now a television producer of special subjects representing world-wide people and events.

EILEEN FARRELL, gifted American soprano, will sing the title role in Gluck's "Alceste" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City this coming season. Two of her recent recording albums are classical in repertory and include art songs of Schubert, Schumann, Debussy, and Poulenc, rendering each of these masterworks with rare taste. Critics have acclaimed her voice as "rising to magnificent heights of tonal beauty and dramatic power."

WOMEN in journalism are becoming increasingly important. Today, in the United States, nearly half of the editors and reporters are women. Their specialty — women's pages of newspapers and magazines — now occupies a position of prestige and importance.

EDITORIAL

VOL 48 MARCH 1961 NO. 3

Sisters in the Gospel

"SISTERS in the gospel" is a meaningful phrase to Latter-day Saint women. These sisters, united in one faith, closely associated in ideals and goals, working with religious and charitable purpose, are bound in a great bond of sisterhood. The bond is acclaimed with love and sincerity from the far reaches of the earth. There are no boundaries to the companionship of sisterhood. No sister is ever alone, no matter how remote her habitation, who desires to be one with the sisterhood of Relief Society.

The spirit of urgency to teach the gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people is the moving force which is resulting in a vastly increased corps of missionaries, the opening of new missions, and the establishing of new stakes far from the headquarters of the Church. With each new mission and each new stake a Relief Society is organized to do the work assigned to the women of the Church. "All must act in concert" the Prophet counseled, so each new group of sisters comes under the direction of those appointed to lead. With each addition, the strength and influence of Relief Society is enlarged, and opportunity comes to more sisters to join in service.

It was never more apparent that the Lord has important work for his daughters to do, and never more apparent that through Relief Society the work may be done. Helping to bring about the kingdom of God, saving souls, teaching the gospel, and serving with love and compassion are aspects of the work the sisters are expected to perform. Service to others is the underlying principle of the brotherhood of man, President David O. McKay has stated. The effectiveness of this service is multiplied when given in unity with a world-wide sisterhood and the joy of shared work is heightened. A devoted sisterhood, working under the direction of the Priesthood, united in the desire to serve, is a potent force in this great latter-day effort to spread the light of the gospel throughout the earth. The leadership of a great unified body of women is necessary to help combat the godless philosophies of evil circulated by those who would enslave the world.

Sisters, open your eyes! Let your vision be enlarged to the great work to be done and the matchless opportunity you have to do it. Count as one of the great blessings of your lives that you are living to see the prophesies concerning the growth of the Church fulfilled. See beyond the confines of your own circle and reach out to encircle the sisters of other nations who have sought and found the truth and now need to be led to new vistas of knowledge and service. Seek those who have not yet been taught. Work as the

Lord would have you work, under the direction of Relief Society, which is guided by the Priesthood, to bring solace, comfort and tender care to those in need.

Sisters, open your hearts! Welcome with warmth and sustained interest every new convert. Exercise sisterly kindness in all your relationships. Encourage those who need encouragement. Seek understanding of the customs and traditions of the strangers in your midst. Recognize the courage of those whose acceptance of the gospel has necessitated sacrifices. Feel the motivating power of testimony, and bear your testimony that it may help strengthen others. Live in exemplary conformity to the teachings of the Savior. Accept your responsibility to do your part. Pray for one another. Open your souls to the overwhelming desire to be instruments in the hands of the Lord to help bring about his purposes.

Sisters everywhere, be in very deed SISTERS IN THE GOSPEL.

—L. W. M.

No Robot Task

Mabel Law Atkinson

The spirit of the land grew strong in him,
Became the very essence of his soul.
At seedtime and at harvest he would brim
With joy. He gently drove the mare with foal
Before the plough, one of his shining team,
Or pulling swaying loads of meadow hay.
Often he paused while driving through the stream
To let the thirsty horses drink. When day
Was gently closed by one clear killdeer note,
He viewed the stars above his fields of wheat—
God and the land were his, and from his throat
A song ascended through air country-sweet.
No robot task to dwarf his mind and limb—
The spirit of the land grew strong in him!

A New Viewpoint

Celia Larsen Luce

WHEN we go on a trip we enjoy the scenery. We notice lovely trees against tall mountains, or great, majestic sweeps of desert grandeur.

Often we come home over the same road. Do we tire of the scenery because we just saw it? Not a bit. Coming home, we are looking at things from a different direction. Trees and hills and plains look different and new when viewed from a new direction.

Everyday living often palls because of its sameness. If I can only look at life from a new direction, with a fresh smile or a song, the sameness disappears and life's true beauty shines forth.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Index for 1960 Relief Society Magazine Available

COPIES of the 1960 index of *The Relief Society Magazine* are available and may be ordered from the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah. The price is twenty cents, including postage.

Relief Society officers and members who wish to have their 1960 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 33 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. (See advertisement on page 206.) The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.75, leather $4.20, including the index. It is recommended that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1960 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies for 1960

NEW ORGANIZATIONS

Stakes	*Formerly Part of*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
Ben Lomond South	Ben Lomond Stake	Donna F. Michaelson	November 13, 1960
Brigham Young University Second	Brigham Young University Stake	Lucille O. King	April 17, 1960
Brigham Young University Third	Brigham Young University Stake	Afton N. Porter	April 17, 1960
Brisbane	Australian Mission	Enid M. Richards	October 23, 1960
Cedar West	Cedar Stake	Flora S. Perry	December 5, 1960
Edmonton	Western Canadian Mission	Melba R. McMullin	November 25, 1960
Hamilton	Auckland Stake and New Zealand Mission	Grace R. Boyack	November 13, 1960
Hawkes Bay	New Zealand South Mission	Rose Puriri	November 20, 1960
Las Vegas North	Las Vegas Stake	Vida H. Curry	November 6, 1960
Manchester	British Mission	Mary S. Woodruff	March 27, 1960
Melbourne	Southern Australian Mission	Mavis H. Cutts	October 30, 1960

Stakes	*Formerly Part of*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
Miami	Florida Mission	Marion H. Madsen	November 13, 1960
Minnesota	North Central States Mission	Harriet H. Martin	November 29, 1960
Napa	Santa Rosa Stake	Dorothy S. Blaisdell	April 27, 1960
New Jersey	New York Stake and Eastern States Mission	Dessie W. Thomas	February 28, 1960
Oklahoma	Central States Mission	Margaret I. Gardner	October 23, 1960
Palomar	California Mission	Velma H. Peterson	November 6, 1960
Philadelphia	Eastern States Mission	Mary A. Porter	October 16, 1960
Pikes Peak	Western States Mission	Betty B. Bean	September 11, 1960
Puget Sound	Tacoma Stake	Ethel B. Whiting	June 19, 1960
Redding	Northern California Mission	Vera A. Kirby	December 14, 1960
Riverton	West Jordan Stake	Evelyn C. Beckstead	September 18, 1960
Sydney	Australian Mission	Ethel N. Parton	April 3, 1960
Taber	Lethbridge Stake and Western Canadian Mission	Ida S. Wood	September 11, 1960
Toronto	Canadian Mission	Janet Boucher	August 14, 1960
Tulsa	Central States Mission	Virginia L. Jacobsen	May 1, 1960
University West	University Stake	Annie M. Ballantyne	February 7, 1960
Vancouver	Western Canadian Mission	Myra D. Humphries	December 12, 1960
Winter Quarters	Central States Mission	Beth Payne	December 11, 1960

MISSIONS

Missions	*Formerly Part of*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
Alaskan-Canadian	Northwestern States Mission and Western Canadian Mission	Marie M. Weilenmann	December 1, 1960
Austrian	Swiss-Austrian Mission	Alice C. Smith	August 15, 1960
Eastern Atlantic	Eastern States Mission	Thelma O. Hill	October 12, 1960
European		May J. Dyer	January 6, 1960
Florida	Southern States Mission	Edith K. Lyman	October 25, 1960
North British	British	Nada R. Brockbank	March 9, 1960
Raratonga	Samoan Mission	Ruth R. Reeder	
Western Mexican	Northern Mexican Mission	Ireta P. Turley	October 12, 1960

REORGANIZATIONS

Stakes	*Released President*	*President Appointed*	*Date Appointed*
Atlanta	Virgie Mae Shuman	Gladys C. Garner	July 16, 1960
Auckland	Gertrude Grant	Grace R. Boyack	May 12, 1960
Auckland	Grace R. Boyack	Gloria M. Dil	November 6, 1960
Ben Lomond	Eleanor T. Nielsen	Donna F. Michaelson	February 20, 1960
Ben Lomond	Donna F. Michaelson	Marvel M. Young	December 7, 1960
Brigham Young University	Alice L. Wilkinson	Arta R. Ballif	April 17, 1960
Burley	Merna E. Marchant	LaVern D. Darrington	November 20, 1960

REORGANIZATIONS (Continued)

Stakes	*Released President*	*President Appointed*	*Date Appointed*
Calgary	Helen B. Pitcher	Virginia N. Myers	November 16, 1960
Chicago	Margaret Weaver	Hazel Kitch	September 4, 1960
Columbia River	Mona H. Kirkham	Laura W. Jones	May 29, 1960
Dallas	Myrl B. Whiting	Mona K. Watson	March 13, 1960
Duchesne	Anona O. Miles	Ora N. Holgate	September 25, 1960
East Cache	Vera H. Peart	Mildred H. Himes	March 27, 1960
East Idaho Falls	Bertha Hansen	Leah L. Clark	June 26, 1960
El Paso	Della O. Taylor	Lavinia B. Jackson	February 21, 1960
Fresno	Martha B. Richards	Rella B. White	February 7, 1960
Glendale	Mary E. Cutler	Edna A. Beal	June 5, 1960
Granger	Ella P. Bennion	Jenna B. Holmberg	November 27, 1960
Gridley	Ivy M. Brown	Wilma M. Croshaw	September 11, 1960
Hillside	Genevieve F. Wright	Neva E. Paul	March 20, 1960
Honolulu	Miriam W. Knapp	Lois W. Ohsiek	September 11, 1960
Kolob	Luella T. Wilson	Ethel O. Jensen	April 10, 1960
Lethbridge	Winona U. Stevens	Theodora B. Nelson	May 15, 1960
Liberty	Verna A. Hunter	Jane H. Schipaan-board	September 30, 1960
Mojave	Ora Kidd	Wilda N. Andrejcik	August 17, 1960
Monument Park	Reba O. Carling	Henrietta H. Young	June 5, 1960
Moroni	Venice F. Anderson	Euleda B. Cook	January 17, 1960
Nebo	Madge M. Christensen	Gladys Wilson	September 18, 1960
New York	Dessie W. Thomas	Lyle N. Paine	February 28, 1960
North Rexburg	Mary G. Shirley	Ada S. Sharp	August 14, 1960
North Sevier	Ora C. Mason	Gladys O. Johnson	August 21, 1960
North Tooele	Leona P. Boyce	Geneal O. Stewart	August 21, 1960
Oakland-Berkeley	Annabell W. Hart	Irene T. Ranker	July 9, 1960
Ogden	Cleona W. Henden-strom	Pearl G. Williams	May 18, 1960
Olympus	Vera N. Barber	Evelyn P. Henriksen	November 29, 1960
Oneida	Grace C. Gamble	Lettie N. Condie	March 10, 1960
Parowan	Bertrude S. Mitchell	Violet W. Hulet	November 13, 1960
Pioneer	Julia N. Barg	Dicie S. Godfrey	November 27, 1960
Provo	Orah Van Wagoner	Hazel K. Petersen	August 7, 1960
San Jose	Barbara D. Howell	Florence W. Jensen	May 13, 1960
San Mateo	Beryl Warner	Marcelle G. Ashby	July 7, 1960
Santa Monica	Elva D. Cusworth	Audra E. Emfield	September 18, 1960
Santa Rosa	Dorothy S. Blaisdell	LaVee L. Smith	May 19, 1960
Santa Rosa	LaVee L. Smith	Cullen S. Peterson	September 15, 1960
Santaquin-Tintic	Fern Horton	Jennie W. Murdoch	October 2, 1960
Seattle	Leora G. Clawson	Phyllis Unbedacht	January 20, 1960
Sevier	Beth V. Anderson	Madge G. Parks	August 7, 1960
Shelley	Eva L. Clinger	Velma Risenmay	May 7, 1960
South Sanpete	Ludean H. Cox	Vonda H. Christen-sen	June 19, 1960
Sugar House	Laura R. Millard	Ruth B. Kimball	June 19, 1960
Summit	Elva F. Richins	Alpha M. Richards	July 18, 1960
Taylorsville	Paula G. Wilson	Verna V. Burke	August 29, 1960
Temple View	Margaret M. Glad	Edna S. Hewlett	June 26, 1960
University	Annie M. Ballantyne	Evaletta G. Thomp-son	February 20, 1960
Valley View	Cassie D. Bailey	Lenore C. Gunderson	April 7, 1960
Weiser	Afton Anderson	Irene H. Baxter	August 28, 1960
West Jordan	Mae C. Johnson	Donna B. Williams	September 18, 1960

Stakes	*Released President*	*President Appointed*	*Date Appointed*
West Sharon	Oda Rasmussen	Elsie B. Taylor	March 13, 1960
Winder	Dorothy F. Bolander	Vera P. Richards	August 17, 1960
Yakima	Adele Willden	Arda Mae H. Kirkham	May 15, 1960
Zion Park	Margie D. Barker	Genevieve H. Gubler	March 27, 1960

MISSIONS

Missions	*Released President*	*President Appointed*	*Date Appointed*
Argentine	Marilyn H. Pace	Edna Snelgrove	February 2, 1960
California	Lela L. Udall	LaPriel S. Bunker	June 8, 1960
East Central	Marie C. Richards	Delilah H. Brown	January 6, 1960
French-Polynesian	Ruth R. Reeder	Gabrielle Lauz Young	November 2, 1960
Great Lakes	Vonda H. Christensen	Annie R. Gledhill	January 7, 1960
Netherlands	Lucy G. Sperry	Fawn W. Volker	January 8, 1960
North Central	Diana F. Child	Joie M. Hilton	April 29, 1960
Northern States	Vera C. Stratford	Mary S. Maycock	May 24, 1960
Northwestern States	Effie K. Driggs	Helen K. Richards	January 1, 1960
Northwestern States	Helen K. Richards	Verna L. Wood	December 21, 1960
South African	Holly W. Fisher	Hilda H. Alldredge	May 25, 1960
South German	Verda C. Buehner	Katherine B. Cannon	June 23, 1960
West Central States	Anna C. Merrill	Hazel Woolley	October 12, 1960
West German	Minnie P. Burton	Ruby O. Richards	July 16, 1960
Western States	Daisy R. Romney	Ada A. Christiansen	December 1, 1960
Uruguayan	Lois H. Jensen	Helen C. Fyans	November 9, 1960

Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue

The April 1961 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with four outstanding short stories being presented. Look for these stories in April:

"Room for Jenny," by Dorothy S. Romney
"Stranger in Their Midst," by Jeanne J. Larson
"The Ogre on Alden Street," by Barbara Williams
"I'm Sorry for Your Flowers," by Iris W. Schow

The American Red Cross: Its Function in the Sixties

Elisha Gray, II

Volunteer National Co-Chairman for Members and Funds

THE Red Cross is the humanitarian service organization most likely to touch upon the personal lives of American citizens in one way or another. . . . Let's briefly review just what these personal needs are and how Red Cross strives to meet them.

First of all, despite technological advances of all types, you still have nature, who gave such a resounding demonstration during Hurricane Donna last autumn that she's here to stay and is quite beyond the influence of mere men. Disasters can happen anywhere at any time. Red Cross provides help for the disaster-stricken.

Another sector of need is the continuation of enormous armed forces stationed all over the world. As you know, Red Cross has a comprehensive program of services for the armed forces.

In both of these activities, Red Cross not only carries out a philanthropic purpose, but also has an exact assignment from the Federal Government to execute certain programs in connection with national disasters and with serving the armed forces. These assignments are not a matter of choice with us, even though they still do depend on charitable contributions.

But these are just two of the Red Cross services growing in importance. With the dramatic increase in boating and water sports, it is vital that Red Cross continue its safety programs in these fields, as well as its essential first-aid training.

Lifesaving blood, home nursing training, international activities are still other Red Cross services that meet vital needs. . . .

Yes, the need for support of Red Cross is greater in the '60's than ever before. Let me suggest, therefore, that all of us will feel a sense of great reward if we help make it possible for Red Cross to meet its great responsibilities in the days ahead.

Quilting

Catherine B. Bowles

Stitches even, smooth, and fine,
Tracing neatly the design
Around the border through the square —
Fingers making patterns rare.

* * *

Each has a pattern of life to live,
Led by the gospel. To others give
The generous hand, a pleasant smile
To help the sorrowing walk their mile.

Coffin Under the Bed

Ilene H. Kingsbury

WHO ever heard of keeping one's coffin under the bed? That is exactly what each visitor kept asking himself, secretly, of course.

At eighty-eight, Samuel, a pioneer to the Rockies in the year 1848, was passing away. His long frame became a bias on the off-sized bed on which he had lain these several weeks. The reinforced bedstead was extra heavy to accommodate a giant of a man; and to most people's eyes was too high from the floor for comfort. It rather reminded one of the new-fangled beds in the sleeping cars which tagged along at the end of the new transcontinental trains. They were not high enough to clear one's head, as a bunk bed style; not low enough to sit upon. This one obviously had sheltered a trundle bed. This accounted for its peculiar height. Samuel's bed had a coverlet of gigantic size which flowed round the heavy posters and all but touched the random boards of the uncarpeted floor.

Aside from the numbers of loving relatives who came to pay last respects to the man the whole country called "Father Samuel," there were a few great-grandchildren and inquisitive folk who sat there and wondered even now whether there was actually a coffin hidden away beneath that straw tick, that rope spring, that immense cover. And as it was not considered polite to stoop and peer under the shadows of a sick man's bed, unless something untoward happened, perhaps no one would ever know whether at long last the old gentleman would be laid away in a coffin of his own make — the one reported to be cached away under his bed these years and years.

The youth-times of this venerable pioneer kept reviewing themselves before his dimming eyes. There were the days when, as a lad, he begged his father for a hammer to follow along the New England farm buildings in the annual mending tasks which occupied the menfolks. The very feel of the tools, the heft, the force it took to wield them, all came so naturally to Samuel, and his efforts were so completely satisfactory to his father, that from then on there was no question about what his occupation was to be.

By the time Samuel was seventeen he was an old hand at building the more simple outbuildings on the farm, and in another year astonished his parents by announcing that he had taken over the erecting of a house for a family over in New York State, Kimball by name. And, as boys those days were men in responsibility before they were out of their teens, little was said to discourage him. He built well. Samuel saw that house after sixty years of inclement winters and pronounced it weathertight and good for at least a century more.

His tool chest, fashioned by himself, soon came to house instruments of great usefulness. Some were made by himself, forged in his

father's blacksmith shop, and some were received in trade for labor. Each coveted handle or metal piece aided him in his craft as a cabinetmaker and joiner. He carried that chest thousands of miles on life's journey. First over the New England countryside, then packed away for an Ohio River trip to the Mississippi shores — he was always sure of its whereabouts. At that point he got it out for an assigned task on the temple in Nauvoo, Illinois. Then he packed it away again, this time in a covered wagon which rolled over the middle prairies of North America and across the Rockies to a Great Basin valley. For four temples more Samuel used these same tools in the service of the Lord. His parental care of them became a constant pride to his family, and each male descendant actually wanted to inherit the set when the old man died.

CONSTANTLY returning to memory, as he wasted away on his great bed, was a thought that if this were the end of his life, at least his coffin was ready. For sixty years he had fashioned these boxes for the dead of several near communities. Large and small, fancy and plain, lined with black silk or bare to the boards, long or short; coffins had left his shop ultimately to seek the earth. Always, in urgency and emergency, bereft ones had come to his door to hurry, measure a body, style a coffin — time was fleeting. Only one day was allowed to lapse between death and burial. The job was generally a night one.

Samuel had heard a States traveler call the boxes caskets, but it was several decades before the term gained the fashion in the Basin. It came about when professional men tacked a shingle to their gates which stated their mournful business. Basin pioneers also called the burying lot a graveyard. Cemetery was a fancier term used later on.

Again, the young years crept to Samuel's mind. He almost felt his muscles bulging as he turned an elm log with ease in one of the few sports boys engaged in in those days. Or he experienced again muscles of his whole body strain as he stood with his back to the rear axle of a buckboard. With heels implanted in the sand and arms as half circles of living iron, and with hands whose grip could bend a crowbar, he picked up the end of the wagon and heaved it over a boulder. At the same time he grunted a command to his team to tug out of the ruts. Now, near ninety, he could not believe that such strength had been his; just as at twenty he could not believe that on one future day he would lie helpless with no strength at all except faith.

SAMUEL remembered a day when his name was read out in Church as one to complete the roster for a new settlement. Listed among the artisans of the group, he took his place beside two other carpenters and three blacksmiths. As the years flew by and he walked the streets of the Southern Utah community he had helped to build, he sighted picket fences, outhouses, barns, gingerbread porches, handrails to stairways, church spires, wagon beds, carts, racing rigs, children's miniature furniture, milk cupboards, tables, and chairs . . . truly on and on he could have gone . . . mostly the practical . . . all made by his two willing hands.

But always, somehow, back to the coffins his memory drew him. It was his trade that had led quite naturally to helping as best he could, without any thought of pay, in case death struck a household. His wife and two daughters helped to "lay away the dead," and as they were the first to be notified of sorrow, he was the next to be asked to do his share — to provide a suitable coffin.

Perhaps it had been one of those typhoid epidemics which struck whole communities that led Samuel to plan for his own future. At any rate, at a particularly trying time, after every resource of lumber had been commandeered, when even a mother and child were buried together because of lack of material to make separate resting places, Samuel came to a great resolution.

At least, if he made a coffin for himself, and always had it on hand, no one would have to work all night to make him comfortable in the earth! This one would not be an emergency affair, hard hit for time to finish off the edges, to choose the least knotted slabs, or skimp on the lining. This one would be ready for that unknown day when his Maker would summon him to his reward. For that is how Samuel looked upon death. Not a punishment to be feared, but a reward for intentions, acts, kindnesses, all of which otherwise go unmentioned or unnoticed in life.

So he made himself a coffin, after first striking off his width and length in the cabinet shop account book. This was a custom built article; a source of great pride.

But where to store it until that fatal day, was the problem. At about that time his wife was moving their last child from its outgrown trundle bed to the north room, where it would share a place with the next older child, and she remarked something about the fact that for the first time in eighteen years they would be alone in the bedroom at nights. After which statement she called to their oldest boy to please carry the trundle to the attic, there to have it rest until grandchildren came along. Samuel sat watching this interesting event, and his thoughts raced around and about with a little plan of his own.

"Mother, what would you say to me using that space under the bed for something I have to store there?"

She gave it a little consideration. Samuel so seldom asked for anything — always being on the giving end, so to speak — that she nodded permission while already wondering how she could get along without a little one very near her in the night.

HOW startled she was then to find Samuel already out the door, and to sight him down the path to his shop. Before she could call to him, out he came lugging that coffin of his.

She just couldn't have foreseen the result of a mere nod. Surely he wouldn't consider for a minute keeping that box under their bed! Not that sad reminder that days on earth are numbered! Not that hulk of wood to be shoved about to dust around!

But by this time Samuel was upending it through the door, and with a delighted glance at her, got it through the kitchen, across the hall, and on into their bedroom. With scarcely a pause for adjusting the weight of the thing, he eased it

down, and slid it under their bed! It was only then that he raised up, brushed off some sawdust from his hands to his pants, and turned to her with the greatest of satisfaction.

Of course this was unheard of; naturally it was a reminder of sorrow; truly it was unthinkable in any household. But hadn't she given him permission? Did she once say anything against the plan? So there it reposed, a permanent fixture, quite ghostly in appearance, in an otherwise plain and unimaginative household.

After the settlement of all difficulties such as the most obvious one that everyone could see it there and he suggested a larger bedspread to hide it, there it was, ready for his use, while at the same time, freeing him to make other such containers for fellow townsmen, neighbors, and relatives when occasion demanded.

SEASON followed season. One would assume that other than being periodically dusted, this container for a corpse was not a problem or a source of disruption. But seldom are such assumptions well founded in fact. Victims of accidents, epidemics, or dreary old age — all were provided for in the last analysis by Samuel with proper coffins — his personal coffin. Over a twenty-year period, at least a dozen of his personally measured and modeled coffins had been tugged from under his straw tick and rope springs of the now famous bed. Loving hands had encased one after another of his companions in the best the times afforded. Those of the pioneer trail, the settlement of new lands — those friends of his youth were laid away in proper dignity and style. These were men who, with him, had built the community. Indeed, each case seemingly justified such an intimate sacrifice. The serene look of bereaved widows, as he now remembered them, was enough payment for letting go of his prize craftsmanship.

On each occasion his good wife had reminded him of a blessing received under the hands of a certain patriarch that long, long (he had said the word twice) life would be his, if he lived worthily. Thus justified, Samuel would surely have time to make another coffin for himself. This, Samuel could not gainsay, and once more graciously gave a saddened family his last earthly offering to the departed.

It is remembered by many that Samuel's wife finally came to accept with due resignation this state of affairs. Indeed, it was just as well that this was so, for to their golden wedding day, and beyond, there were few nights when she and Samuel were not sleeping over his coffin.

His urgency to make another one was somewhat of a joke among his children, for they, too, believed the story of his blessing. This absolute guarantee of long life was something to be banked on; possibly one of the few things they set belief by. A ten-year rest would not have hurt their father at all. This, he argued was not the case, for who knew when the Lord might change his plans and purposes where Samuel was concerned? They became silent. He took down his measurements again and fashioned another box to fit his ample proportions.

We stated in the beginning that at eighty-eight the last hours had come to this veteran carpenter. But the going was harder than anyone

could guess. For had the curious dared peek under the folds of the coverlet, they would have seen only a vast cavern of nothingness.

No comfortable coffin graced the floor, no adequate housing was there for this man who had so lovingly given a small lumber yard of coffins to his dear ones, both related and unrelated. The last offering had been donated to the cause only a week ago.

As the news of Samuel's illness spread, men hurried to the canyon mill for lumber. Already some young apprentice at the cabinet shop was copying the measurements of the old patriarch from an ancient account book. Already a sister who would lay him away was cutting some black silk for a lining; and kind hands were sewing for him so he would look just right for this momentous occasion.

Samuel's eyes yet glinted with wisdom, humor, and good will, as he said to his dear ones, "You can get that new coffin ready if you want to, but don't expect me to use it. I will yet get out of this sick bed and make one for myself!"

But the Lord did have other plans, at long last, for Samuel. His wife wrote in her journal: "Today, Sept. 24, 1874, we laid away the husband of my youth. For sixty-two years we have lived together through joy and sorrow. Our children remain to comfort me. He was buried in a coffin not of his own making."

Where Did They Find Their Smiles?

Olive Sharp

ONE day last October I was sauntering past the Temple Square Hotel, in Salt Lake City, Utah, when, looking up, I saw a large group of women entering the hotel. They were chattering and gay. At first I wondered who they were and where they were from, and then it dawned upon me that they were in Salt Lake to attend Relief Society Conference and the Church conference.

Conference gathering is a wonderful affair. It stimulates the women for weeks before time, planning and getting ready. Then the big time comes, and they are really at conference, listening to great and inspiring sermons, meeting relatives and friends and many strangers. No wonder they have so much to talk about during conference week and for weeks thereafter. Their spirits are lifted up and they can go home, really feeling like new persons. Tasks that were boring before now are no trouble, and clouds have rolled away and life is more worth living.

I know, from living in Evanston, Wyoming, how my Mother would get interested in preparing dresses for herself and me and getting everything all spick and span so we could go and stay one week with my Aunt Clara, to be able to attend conference. After seeing those women, I knew how happy they were and where they had found all of those wonderful smiles.

As a girl, I attended a Protestant church, but, after my marriage, I just floundered. Then, one night, I had a very peculiar dream. It seemed that I was in a large forest, lonely and lost. Then all of a sudden I saw a bonfire with many women around it. Others were gathering twigs and other materials to keep the fire burning. How I wished I could be one of them, as they were enjoying themselves so much. I knew that dream meant something to me, as I was very lonely and a stranger in the city.

Then I joined the Relief Society, and now I am doing what I can to keep that fire burning. I have been a constant worker in that organization for over thirty years. I find that I am gaining knowledge in many ways. It also helps me in a spiritual, as well as in a temporal way, and makes me a better Christian and a better neighbor.

The Trouble Hole

Wilma Boyle Bunker

RECENTLY our family, my husband and I and our three sons, made a project of building a cabin in the mountains. Even I bravely helped to mix the cement for the footings, dig the trench for the water line, and nail on the knotty pine.

"I'm just not cut out to be a carpenter," I would wail to my husband, as the lengths of pine would invariably slip out of the groove at the bottom, just as I got the top in place ready to nail.

But little by little our dream took shape and the cabin became a reality.

We haven't been able to decide which time is more beautiful in the canyon, the morning or the evening. In the morning, just before sunrise, the sky turns a salmon pink in the east, then changes to a brilliant orange-red. The cliffs in the distance are hazy and dim-outlined. And then, suddenly, the sun blazes forth in full glory, and everything becomes edged with gold.

In the evening, the mountain outlines are sharp-edged and seem much closer. The sky in the east takes on an ethereal rose glow, and above that a light blue and then gray. As the sun sinks, the gray slowly envelops the blue and rose, until, finally, the color disappears completely, and darkness descends.

And then there is the night. The stars are so close we feel we can reach out to touch them. There are no man-made lights to detract, and we see the vastness of the universe gloriously spread out before our eyes. And nothing can quite compare with a full moon filtering through the pines and aspens.

At the entrance to the canyon, fairly close to the road, is a deep ravine, too steep and too precarious to scale. We have named it our "trouble hole." As we drive by it on our way to the cabin, we open wide the windows of the car and throw our troubles into the hole, making very sure that we take none with us as we drive away. Then, on the way back, after our stay in the canyon is over, we are equally as sure that we don't pick them up again. And, strange as it may seem, after we have been away from our worries and disappointments for a short while, they don't seem nearly so formidable, and, in many instances, a solution has been found, or they have just ceased to seem so important to us.

Some who are a little cynical might say that we aren't facing reality when we attempt to by-pass our troubles. Others might say that precious time is wasted gazing at sunrises and moonlit nights. Still others might not find peace in a crackling fire in a cabin fireplace with a bowl of freshly popped corn nearby, and the family gathered contentedly around.

It doesn't take wealth or fame or position or power to bring peace within us. If we but pause and look around, peace can be found in the rustle of aspen leaves, in the exquisite workmanship of a wild columbine, in the symphony of a mountain stream, and, yes, even in a simple, little, symbolic ritual such as tossing worries into a deep and irretrievable trouble hole.

Don Knight

SCENE ON THE SEVENTEEN-MILE DRIVE
CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

Humility

Louise Morris Kelley

Grandeur? Sometimes. But give to me
The loveliness of minute things.
Thus intertwine my symphony
With solo parts for flute or strings.

When ocean lures, as flame the moth,
My soul to revel in its roar,
Let orphaned bubbles of sea froth
Remain — my treasures on the shore.

Let me recall as from the crest
Of mountains I survey this land:
Not only mountains has he blessed
But, too, this quartz grain in my hand.

Grandma Had a Parlor

Helen S. Phillips

A home with that "lived-in" look — what an apt description of most present day households! Seldom does an inch of space go to waste, so functional is the modern home. Yet, surrounded as we are by the miracles of push-button living, it is difficult to resist a twinge of envy when we consider the household of Grandmother's day.

Grandma had a parlor.

Not for her that "lived-in" look, at least not in *that* room! Grandmother's parlor was severely neat and forever tidy. As a matter of fact, she staked her housekeeping reputation on the appearance of that one room. Those were the days, remember, when the front parlor was kept closed off from the rest of the house. It was considered to be the family "no man's land," regardless of how many — or how few — other rooms there were in the house. As part of the daily cleaning routine, "straightening up the parlor" was always given first priority. No flick of dust was permitted to remain anywhere near the doilies on the organ, or on any of the rest of the furniture, for that matter. No wayward scrolls of lint ever dared to gather beneath the horsehair sofa. And absolutely unheard of were assorted toys or building blocks cluttering up the center of the room, or providing an obstacle course for the doorway. No indeed! Every day, Grandmother's parlor was efficiently cleaned and thoroughly polished. Then the door was closed firmly, and kept closed in the event that someone might pay an unexpected call. Perhaps the Visiting Teachers might be making their rounds. Here was a room that could face any crisis!

Remember how fascinating it was when, as a child, on special occasions you were permitted to cross the threshold of that inviting room? It always seemed to take a minute or two before your lungs could adjust to the closed-in, airless atmosphere. But after that, what fun it was to explore! Remember what a joy it was to admire the colorful bouquet of dried strawflowers? It was years before you discovered they weren't real. How entertaining to leaf through the family picture album which shared space on the front room table with the family Bible. How fascinating to gaze at the framed portraits of your ancestors, some of whom even had real samples of the owner's hair pressed behind the glass! Remember how you always held the giant seashell up to your ear as you listened to the roar of the ocean? Yes, and could anything surpass your joy the day you discovered you could read for yourself all those witty, delightful mottoes which were stenciled on the stiff sofa pillows? The colorful afghan, the braided and hand-hooked rugs, the crocheted table centerpieces — all were made by Grandmother's nimble fingers, yet in your youthful eyes nothing was half so beautiful as the decorative spray of wheat, gilded with real gold.

Apart from the nostalgic memory of those visits to that fasci-

nating room, thinking of Grandmother's parlor arouses a pang of envy for quite another reason. What a perfect housekeeping aid it would be if every present day mother could have just such a room! A real, old-fashioned parlor, not merely the family room which is currently in vogue. How comforting it would be to know that unexpected visitors could be entertained easily in tidy, uncluttered surroundings. A room where you could relax and chat pleasantly with guests, without letting your eyes stray guiltily to sticky fingerprints on the piano, or to the withered core of last night's apple that your teen-ager parked on the base of the floor lamp. How uplifting to the ego it would be if you could enter just one room in the house, catch your breath at its gleaming perfection, and feel that perhaps you weren't the world's worst homemaker after all! How wonderful to have a quiet, peaceful sanctuary where everything could be kept in its proper place; a pleasant room that would never be shaken by teen-age tornadoes or pre-school cyclones.

Well . . . families grow up, and our responsibilities toward them lessen. That's as true now as it was in any of the "olden days." And even though we know it is a blessing to live in the most enlightened age of all time, it is still difficult to restrain an envious twinge when recalling the household of Grandmother's day.

Because Grandma had a parlor.

Not a Drum Was Heard

Dorothy J. Roberts

She passed in silence; not a drum was heard
Sounding for a medal pinned on bravery's breast. . . .
For courage beyond duty, no drum flared.
She passed in quiet to the realms of rest.

She gave a hero's measure with a smile
On the rugged path of duty from her birth.
Now unacclaimed before a cheering crowd
She joins the unsung valiant of the earth.

No drum was heard for one surpassing deed;
Her days were hills she climbed without complaint.
Now emptiness is tall where she has stood,
Who reached the heights of hero and of saint.

It's the Food You Eat That Counts

Dr. Margaret Merkley

Utah State University Nutrition Department

IT'S the food you eat that counts, whether you are eight or eighty. The number of food items in today's markets may make your choice confusing. Your daily food guide is an aid in pointing out the kinds of food to include in your meals. The United States Department of Agriculture has developed a food guide which will provide your needs for vitamins, minerals, protein, and other nutrients. These foods are grouped into four classes according to their nutrient contributions:

Food Groups	Daily Amount for Adults
I. Milk group	2 cups
II. Bread-Cereal group (whole-grain, enriched, or restored)	4 or more servings 1 serving: 1 slice bread 1 oz. ready-to-eat cereal ½ - ¾ cup cooked cereal
III. Vegetable-Fruit group Include: A citrus fruit or other fruit or vegetable high in vitamin C A dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable for vitamin A — at least every other day. Other vegetables and fruits, including potatoes.	4 or more servings 1 serving: ½ cup 1 orange or apple ½ grapefruit
IV. Meat group Beef, veal, pork, lamb, poultry, fish, eggs, and as alternates, dry beans, dry peas, nuts.	2 or more servings

Add other foods as needed to complete meals and to provide additional food energy and other food values.

Long life is getting to be a habit. Many people can look forward to living beyond "three-score and ten." But many, with the accumulation of birthdays, are not as healthy and happy as they could be if they were wise eaters.

Indications of aging are not clearly defined. An adult is not a young person "grown up." Aging begins at conception and continues until the end of life. The fundamental requirements for good nutrition are basically the same throughout life, but the aging process does produce some changes. The food requirements for older people are not as clearly understood as for children and youth. During these periods growth makes changes in nutritional needs. Geriatric nutrition is concerned not only with the aged, but

with all in the process of aging. More can be accomplished earlier than for those already old. The years from forty to sixty are most significant, and even prior to this time, general health and nutritional status of maturity are established.

Nutrition involves diet, eating balanced quantities of food, as well as digestion, absorption, utilization, and elimination of waste materials.

OLDER people often have limited functional capacities. Here we see an accumulation of the scars of living. The older you become the more complex is your dietary history. No two people are alike or subjected to the same stresses and experiences. Some are old at fifty, others are young at eighty. Thus at no period in life should nutritional requirements be more individualized. Aging produces an accumulation of injuries from many sources, and cumulative effects of poor nutrition may produce defects of enormous proportions in later years. Also, recovery capacity is slower as you grow older.

Many factors affect an individual's use of food. Some are not fortunate enough to have good teeth at a time in life when they need to chew food more thoroughly. Because of this some of our best sources of nutrients — fruits, vegetables, and meats — are often a neglected part of the diet. This leads to a lack of bulk in the diet or, if these foods are eaten without proper mastication, to diarrhea and intestinal disturbances. Yet at no other time in life is proper preparation of food more important — the knife, kitchen shears, the strainer, the chopper and blender, or a little extra cooking, can make foods more digestible.

Food habits are passed on from one generation to another. Overeating or food prejudices in some families become dangerous habits and can produce degenerative diseases and stress in later life. One hundred extra calories a day add up to more than ten pounds increased weight in a year.

Nutritional problems are usually more difficult to handle in older people, and any changes in dietary habits should be gradual, not abrupt. If the changes are too different from the ordinary diet, they will not be followed. The eating patterns of a lifetime cannot be changed easily.

Economic factors affect food selection. Since funds are often limited, breads and sweets, which are cheaper than milk, meat, cheese, fruits, and vegetables are often eaten in excess. Many older people living alone are not sufficiently interested in eating to make the effort to prepare adequate food. Dull appetites and anxiety may lead to undereating or overeating. If the appetite is poor, more small meals per day might be better tolerated than two or three large meals.

Total food needs decrease with years. Factors that contribute to the decreasing energy are: lowered basal metabolic rate due to less active body tissue, changes in certain endocrine glands, and lessened physical activity. Body tissue changes in composition to a greater proportion of fat and less muscular tissue. At age twenty-five an average person has 13.4 percent of body fat as compared to 22.5 at forty-five. A common problem to those whose diets are low in energy is the lower-

ing of nutrient content. The diet must still supply energy, protein, vitamin, and mineral foods. It is difficult to include all the essential nutrients in a diet below 1200 calories. The energy value of the diet is related to protein utilization. Special care is needed in food selection when the calorie value is low. Foods selected should carry nutrients as well as calories.

Secretion of salivary and digestive juices lessens with age and this causes foods to be less well utilized.

MINERALS perform important functions in the body. For example, calcium, in addition to building bones and teeth, aids in transmission of nerve impulses; is part of enzyme systems; and aids in blood coagulation. Research has shown that aging brings about changes in mineral metabolism. We know something of calcium, phosphorus, sodium, potassium, and chlorine. More investigation is needed relative to these elements as well as in relation to the iron requirements. We know that optimum hemoglobin content of the blood is desirable in later years.

Bones are not static material. The processes of build-up and destruction proceed simultaneously. Osteoporosis, or deficient bone substance, is a major problem in the aged and many factors are involved. Absorption mechanism may be impaired, due to lowered salivary and gastric juices, endocrine unbalance, or to liver and pancreas damage.

Vitamins are essential in control of body reactions and, if not present, abnormal products accumulate in the body. If too limited a variety of foods is chosen, vitamins, particularly ascorbic acid (C), the B vitamins, and vitamin A will likely be deficient in the diet. Too many people buy food supplements they do not need when they might get the nutrients from a more careful selection of food. The wider the variety of foods eaten, the better the chances of being well nourished.

The following principles are essential to good nutrition: moderation, wide selection, balance in diet, individualization, gradual change in dietary habits, awareness of relationships between nutrition and chronic diseases which appear in later years. The main objective of an adequate diet is the promotion of good health, not treatment of disorders.

Dark Come Late

Maude Rubin

One time his small-boy face, like blue-eyed grass,
Looked up to see the helicopter pass . . .
Gloried in lightning, loved the thunder shout,
The mountain's rumbling storm . . . no slightest doubt
That day would be long for playing, dark come late!
Now, tight as willow buds, his green hours wait,
While, like a pilot bee on a golden mission,
He helps unravel mysteries of fission.

The Silent Sacrifice

Betty Lou Martin

THE purple haze of the mountains cast dark, looming shadows upon the surrounding land. Winter had turned the green, then golden earth to a drab, lifeless color. Elaine turned from the kitchen window where she had stood gazing out over the valley. With a sigh she went about her task of preparing supper for her husband, George.

It was becoming increasingly difficult for her to go about her regular tasks that were typical of a farmer's wife. The mending that she usually kept up every week had waited in its basket for the past three weeks. She just had not been able to force herself to get it done. She thought back over the past few months and she realized that she had accomplished very little. George had seemed to sense her rebellion against their way of life; however, being an understanding and thoughtful man, he had kept his feelings to himself.

Elaine went to the refrigerator in an effort to find something substantial for George's supper. Her mind was a complete blank as she looked at the nearly empty shelves. She had neglected to thaw any meat out for supper, but, fortunately, she had canned chicken in the basement that she could open.

With supper finally underway, Elaine took a few moments to freshen up. She combed her dark wavy hair straight back, revealing a lovely oval-shaped face. Her eyes were a deep green that made a striking contrast to her fair skin and delicate features. She caught herself frowning in the mirror and small lines appeared about her mouth and eyes. They were not happy, laughing lines.

Elaine thought back over the time when she had first come to the farm. She had been a pretty girl of twenty-one, with a lilting step and a warm, bubbling laugh that made everyone that met her fond of her from the beginning. The years of hard work and skimping to make the money go around had changed her to a sad, quiet woman who lived in constant fear of crop failure, and who worried about so many difficulties coming into their life that her husband had once remarked, "Elaine, you cross your bridges before they are even built."

She had saved diligently for a college education for their two children, Randy and Steven. To Elaine's chagrin, Randy had chosen farming as his profession. Steven, who was away at his first year at college, had not as yet chosen the field that he wanted to enter. Every time that he came home for a visit, Elaine would discourage him at every opportunity against farming.

George had known from the beginning that Elaine detested farming, but he had reasoned with himself that in due time she would grow to love the good, clean earth just as much as he. However, as the years progressed, he knew that she would never feel the same way toward the land as he did. He accepted this fact and stopped trying to convince her that they were engaged

in a rewarding and worthwhile venture.

Elaine heard George coming up the walk from the barn. She went to the kitchen and switched on the light. Once again she frowned. The kitchen was badly in need of remodeling. She had not been able to find the right color of paint in their small village that boasted one general store. The material that she wanted for new curtains was out of the question, and they would have to order their furniture from the catalogue from which everyone else in the valley ordered.

George was exceedingly quiet at supper. When he had finished eating he slid his chair away from the table and looked directly at Elaine. There was a kind, gentle appearance about George that had made Elaine love him from the first day that she met him. His clear blue eyes twinkled, and his graying blond hair was combed neatly away from his tanned and rugged face.

GEORGE cleared his throat and then spoke. "I've been thinking, Elaine, I have a little more money left over from the feed than I thought I would have. Why don't you go to the city and buy you some new clothes, and whatever you want for the kitchen? I think that we can afford it now."

Elaine was elated. "Oh, George, do you really think that we can afford it? I've been wanting to do this kitchen over for so long. It would be wonderful if we could."

"You could stay with your sister, Carolyn, while you're there. I think that you deserve a rest. It's been a long time since you have been away from the farm."

"Yes, it has, George," Elaine agreed, remembering how disappointed she was when she had had to call her anticipated trip off because one of their best cows had become sick and died. They had had to take the money she planned to use for the trip to buy another cow. George had seemed just as disappointed about the whole situation as she had been.

Elaine thought of her sister Carolyn, with her lovely, red brick home that stood overlooking the beautiful city. At night the view from Carolyn's large window was breathtakingly beautiful, and Elaine always felt as if she could sit and stare for hours at the sight before her. She could never feel that nostalgic about the mountains and fields that spread before her on their farm, even though to George it was the most wonderful sight in the world. Let's face it, Elaine thought resentfully, this is George's world.

Elaine lived each day with the hope that some day when George was unable to take care of the farm any longer, they would be able to move to the city. She had even approached George with her plan, and he had agreed that if it would make her happy, then it would make him happy, too.

The next few days were filled with careful planning on the part of Elaine. She managed to repair her wardrobe so that in her opinion it would be halfway presentable to make the trip. Once in the city, she reasoned to herself, I can buy me some new clothes.

Elaine tried not to think of George's obviously shabby suit hanging in the closet, and she refused to think about the new saddle that

George wanted for his favorite horse, Rengo, which he intended to ride in the annual riding club meet in July. She told herself that it was certainly time that she did have a little enjoyment. She had sacrificed time and time again for her sons, and for the farm, and this time she was going to have a little enjoyment.

She wrote to her sister Carolyn, and, as she wrote, she thought of how lovely all of Carolyn's clothes were and how well-groomed her sister always appeared. Elaine had always been considered the more attractive of the two girls, but she knew that the years had changed that fact considerably.

With renewed vigor, Elaine went about her housework in order to leave their home tidy. George was even more silent than before, and she wished that he were going with her. When she asked him if he wouldn't like to make the trip, he merely shook his head, stating that he had too much to do on the farm.

One thing Elaine prided herself on was her sons. Even on this trip, she thought that she would try to find some clothes for Steven while she was in the city. She wanted to surprise him with them when he came home for spring vacation.

THE time finally arrived for her anticipated trip to the city, and Elaine enthusiastically started to pack. She went to the closet for her suitcase, and, in the process, she pulled out one of George's Sunday shoes. As she reached down to pick it up, she noticed something inside the shoe. Upon further observance she noted that it was a piece of cardboard cut neatly and tucked inside. She stood looking at the object in disbelief. She hadn't the faintest idea that George's shoes were so worn. How long, she wondered, had he been wearing his shoes like this in order to save a repair bill on them?

It wasn't that her husband was careless, because he always kept his shoes shining, and his suit was always neatly brushed and pressed. How long she wondered, had he been sacrificing his own things in order to give to his family?

For the first time in her married life, Elaine stopped thinking of herself and her two sons, and turned her thoughts to her husband. How little he expressed a desire for new clothes, a new car, even new machinery, and he had only casually mentioned the saddle. He had mentioned it more in praise than in desire. How long had it been since he had been away from the farm? How long had it been since he had had any relief from his daily schedule? How lovingly and diligently he planned everything for his wife and sons, Elaine thought, and how selfishly she and the boys had reached out and taken all that he offered.

It was drudgery for Elaine to finish her packing. All the happy excitement that she had felt earlier had vanished, and she felt only guilt. She had known when she married George that his life's interest was farming, and now she was even planning to rob him of that. She knew that he would never once complain, for he had accepted her the way that she was from the day that he had married her thirty years before.

George was truly a good man. Elaine realized she had never known

before what a really great man he was. He knew the meaning of sacrifice, and he practiced it every day in his life. He knew the meaning of hard work, and this he did every day of his life, also. He knew the value of the commandments that the Lord had given. Especially did he follow the one, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

After a sleepless night, Elaine arose the next morning to fix her husband's breakfast.

The sun was shining and a soft snow had fallen the night before, making the mountains in the distance look as if they were a king's crown graced with thousands of tiny diamonds. Elaine breathed a sigh, and for the first time in her life, she saw what George had seen all these years. This shimmering, bright world was her husband's world, and because it was his, it was to become her world, too.

George finished his breakfast and then went out to do his chores. As he left the house he called, "I'll be back in plenty of time to drive you to the train station."

Elaine went to the desk in the hallway where she kept her familiar catalogue. The pages were tattered from overuse. She skimmed over the pages, planning as she went. She could order enough material for a new dress or two for her, and she could order her paint for the kitchen. She would order a pale yellow paint for the walls, and it would be cheaper to make her own curtains. It would be fun, as she had always done sewing as a means of relaxing. She planned each item carefully, the paint, turquoise material for her curtains, and then a rich brown paint for her table and chairs. It would improve them a hundred per cent, and save the expense of buying a new kitchen set.

Then Elaine turned to the section of the catalog that had the men's clothing. They offered a nice selection of dress shoes for men. She thought that George would like to pick those out. Steven really didn't need any new clothes, and George could certainly use the new saddle. She figured the saddle with the rest of the items that she planned to buy. With a smile of satisfaction, she leaned back in her chair. There would be just enough money. In fact, she smiled, there would be ten dollars left over. The money that she had planned to take for the trip would be put to far better use, especially now that the expense of the train fare would be omitted.

The mailman arrived early that morning, and Elaine found a letter from Carolyn. Carolyn wrote that she was delighted that Elaine planned to visit her. "It is so lonesome here," Carolyn wrote, "Ted travels around a great deal, and I have this big house all to myself all day. I don't even do my own house cleaning as Ted hires a maid to do the work for me. How fortunate you are, my dear sister, to have your days so filled with worthwhile things to accomplish. My, how I envy you."

THE sound of the clock in the kitchen ticking away echoed throughout the house. Elaine sat before the table thinking about her sister's letter. "All these years I have envied her for her many comforts, and now she is envying me. How ironical life is."

The kitchen door opened, and

George stood looking at Elaine questioningly. "Aren't you ready to go yet? You'll miss the train."

"I'm not going, George," Elaine said firmly.

"But I thought you had your heart set on it?" George was obviously puzzled.

"I did," Elaine remarked casually, "but now I have my heart set on staying here. You're not trying to get rid of me, are you?"

"Goodness, no," George replied. "Frankly, I don't understand you."

"I just decided that it would be much better to take the money that I would spend for the trip and put it into other things, say, a beautiful, new saddle for my husband, and a new pair of shoes which he needs so badly." Elaine spoke lightheartedly.

"Oh, now, Elaine, I don't really need those things," George said sincerely, "and I don't want you to give up your trip just for me."

"George, I really don't want to go. You see, I have finally realized that I love this land just as much as you do. I don't ever want to leave it, especially not to live any place else."

Elaine's words clearly stunned her husband. "You never have liked it here before. Why have you suddenly changed your mind?" George could not hide the shock that he felt, and he was frankly suspicious.

"I guess it's because you're here, George, and because you love it so much here." Elaine paused. "I think I'll invite Carolyn here for a visit, too. I've never wanted her to come before, but I really think that she would enjoy it."

"You know that we don't have things fixed up as nice as Carolyn does, Elaine," George answered. "Are you certain that you want her to come?"

"I've never been more certain. Now go about your work. I have work to do, too," Elaine teased her husband.

"I guess that I'll never understand you," George replied as he walked to the door. He turned abruptly, "Are you still serious about that saddle, too?"

"I've never been more serious, dear," Elaine grinned. "You certainly deserve it."

George walked to his wife and kissed her gently on the cheek. "Welcome to the farm-home, dear," he said.

To You — With Love

Christie Lund Coles

You are the brook-cool drink
Which slaked my eager thirst;
You are the star I followed,
The brightest and the first;

You are the golden fruit
I reached for from the ground;
You are the dream of peace
I sought . . . and found.

Recipes for Family Dinners

Emma A. Hanks

Papaya Whip

1½ c. papaya pulp
juice of one lemon
½ c. sugar
2 egg whites

Combine papaya pulp, lemon juice, and sugar. Beat in 2 stiffly whipped egg whites. Place in refrigerator until served.

Orange - Papaya Marmalade

2 c. papaya (ripe)
1 c. oranges
3 c. sugar

Wash oranges, squeeze out juice, remove seeds. Put orange skins through a good food chopper. Add papaya, cut fine, to chopped orange skins. Cover with water. Boil all together. Add sugar. Boil until thick, about ½ hour.

Papaya Pie

4 c. papaya cut in small pieces
1 medium-sized can crushed pineapple
⅞ to 1 c. sugar
5 tbsp. flour
1 tsp. cinnamon
2 drops almond extract
2 drops lemon extract

Cut papaya into small pieces. Drain all juice from pineapple. Mix all ingredients together. Pour into 9-inch unbaked pie crust. Dot with butter and cover with top crust. Bake 15 min. at 350°, reduce heat to 325° for 45 minutes.

Tacos

1 doz. tortillas
3 medium-sized tomatoes
2 lbs. ground beef
1 head lettuce

Make salad of lettuce and tomatoes. Boil beef in ½ cup salted water. Drain. Fry folded tortilla in deep fat. Drain on absorbent paper. Place small amount of beef and salad in tortilla. Season with hot sauce if desired.

Variations:

Combine beef with Spanish rice and place in tortilla. Combine plain cooked rice with chili con carne and place in tortilla.

Meat Balls With Onions

1 beef heart
½ lb. sweetbreads
2 lbs. liver
1 lb. kidney
¼ tsp. grated garlic
1 c. chopped onions
salt to taste (about 2 tsp.)
1 tbsp. chili powder
¼ tsp. black pepper
4 tbsp. flour

Chop all meat into very small chunks. Flour and fry brown. Mix pepper, chili powder, garlic, and onions and fry with meat about two minutes. Add flour to mixture and brown slightly. Add 1 qt. and 1 pt. of water. Stir until it thickens into a thin gravy. Let simmer at least 30 minutes so all flavors mix well. (Serves 12 people generously.)

Spaghetti With Meat Sauce

¼ c. olive oil
1 chopped garlic clove
1 chopped onion
½ chopped green pepper
2 no. 2 can tomatoes
2 8 oz. cans tomato paste
2½ c. water
1½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. black pepper
½ tsp. oregano
2 bay leaves
¼ c. grated Parmesan cheese
1 lb. spaghetti
1½ lb. ground meat

In large skillet saute garlic, onion, and green pepper about 5 minutes or until tender in ¼ cup of hot oil. Add tomatoes, tomato paste, and 2½ cups of water, 1½ tsp. seasoned salt, pepper, oregano, cheese, and bay leaves. Simmer uncovered for 2 hours. In another skillet, brown ground meat, then put into sauce and let cook together. Serve meat sauce over drained spaghetti. Sprinkle with more Parmesan cheese, or serve spaghetti, sauce, and cheese separately, and let each person help himself. Makes 6 servings.

Nut Loaf Cake

2 c. butter
4 c. flour
2 c. sugar
6 eggs
1 tsp. baking powder
⅓ c. sweet milk
1 tsp. grated nutmeg
1 tsp. vanilla
1 c. pecans, chopped
1 lb. seeded raisins

Cream butter and sugar. Sift 3½ cups flour and baking powder together. Beat eggs separately. Add flour, eggs, and milk, a little at a time to the butter and sugar mixture. Add flavor and spice. Cut up raisins and chop pecans. Sift ½ cup flour over pecans and raisins. Add to the batter. Bake at 350° until done.

Chocolate Pie

2 c. milk
5 tbsp. flour
3 tbsp. cocoa
3 egg yolks
2 tbsp. butter
¾ c. brown sugar
½ c. white sugar
½ tsp. salt

Meringue
3 egg whites
6 heaping tbsp. sugar
pinch of cream of tartar

Heat milk, mix and add all ingredients to hot milk and cook until mixture thickens. Pour into a baked pie shell and top with the meringue. Bake in slow oven until meringue browns.

Chili

1 lb. ground beef
½ c. shortening
¼ c. flour
4 small garlic buttons, chopped
2 oz. chili powder
3 c. water
salt to taste

Brown the meat in fat. Blend in flour, garlic, and chili powder; slowly add water. Simmer 30 minutes.

Maren C. Jensen, Expert Quilter and Happy Seamstress

MAREN C. Jensen, Orem, Utah, is gifted in the arts of handwork and sewing. Quilting is her specialty, and she has made hundreds of quilts for her family and friends. It is her proud record that she has helped to quilt every quilt made in the wards where she has resided. She knits rapidly and expertly, making mittens and hose and many other articles of wearing apparel, as well as decorative pieces for her home. Her crocheting is delicately beautiful, much of it made in original designs. A skilled seamstress, she helped her sister run a dressmaking shop.

Now eighty-five years old, Maren C. Jensen was born in Termestrup, Denmark. When very young she helped her mother support nine fatherless children. When she heard the Latter-day Saint elders singing the gospel hymns, the words and the message seemed familiar to her. She joined the Church and came to Utah in 1904, and that same year married Jens C. Jensen, also a Danish convert. They are the parents of four children, all holding positions of honor and responsibility in the Church and in the community. For sixty years Sister Jensen has been a faithful visiting teacher and has also served as a ward Relief Society president. Her busy hands and her happy heart have been a blessing to her family, her community, and her many devoted friends.

My Clinging Hand

Gladys Hesser Burnham

I never knew before today
How much you really meant to me,
Your judgment swayed my waking thoughts
I sought advice unceasingly.
The reason why you left me here
Could be that I must learn to stand
Alone, think independently,
And so you loosed my clinging hand.

Love Is Enough

Chapter 3

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Geniel Whitworth, from Denver, Colorado, becomes a schoolteacher at Blayney, Idaho, and lives at Mrs. Willett's boarding house. She meets Christine Lacy and Marva Eberhart, fellow schoolteachers, Mrs. Willett's nephew, Jeff Burrows, a rancher, and Johnny Linford, who is working for the forest service. Geniel finds these new friends quite different from Ernest Wood, her longtime friend who has a shoe store in Denver.

GENIEL soon discovered that, while her students were better behaved than the average, there were still many problems. Christine gave her the answer to some of them while walking home from school one crisp November day.

"I can't understand Tommy Evans," said Geniel. "He seems to want to do his work, but he can't resist playing every chance he gets."

"I can explain that one," said Christine with a wry smile. "His grandmother lives with the family, and she thinks that children should be kept busy all of the time. He has to practice the piano for two hours a day, and if there is any time left over he helps around the house. She told me that he even hems dishtowels if there is nothing else for him to do. Now, do you blame him for wanting to play in school?"

"I certainly don't. Maybe I'll have to give him an extra recess. Jean Margetts is another one. She seems to be so listless all the time. I'm wondering if she has enough to do to keep her interested. I do wish that we had a library here. The few books we have, have been read to pieces."

"I've had that same longing for years — as you may imagine. I've tried every once in awhile to interest the school board or the mayor in the project, but I guess that I haven't been persistent enough. Anyway, roads and plumbing always came first. Any more problem children?"

"Yes, the worst of all." Geniel's forehead etched a frown. "It's little Connie Roberts. My heart aches for her. She is so shy and so shabby and she can't read without stammering. Then someone is bound to snicker. How can children be so cruel? I hate to call on her, but I can't just let her sit there. What can I do?"

"I know the family," Christine replied. "They've had a lot of bad luck and are really quite poor. It's probably Connie's feeling of inferiority that is at the root of her stammering. If you could do something to give her more confidence, you might overcome the speech defect."

"I'll try. I know where I can start. My sister has a little girl just older. She's always outgrowing her dresses. I'll see if she doesn't have some dresses she can pass on."

Geniel sent off a letter that very night, and within a week three pretty dresses, a skirt, and two sweaters had arrived. "You caught me just as I was getting these ready to give

away," wrote Marcie. "So I'm glad that you can use them."

Geniel figured that her next problem would be to give them to Mrs. Roberts without hurting her feelings, but she found that she needn't have worried. The mother was more than grateful for the clothes.

The next day Connie came to school in the plaid skirt with the soft green sweater. Her hair had been curled, and she seemed to feel much more at ease. She even smiled at her schoolmates once in awhile.

THE day before Thanksgiving Mrs. Willet announced, "We get a holiday all the way around tomorrow. My sister Nina has invited us all out to the ranch for dinner."

"How much of a family is there besides Jeff?" asked Geniel.

"Just his mother and father at the ranch. But Nina will find someone else to bring in. She wouldn't think of cooking a Thanksgiving dinner for just six or seven people. Their home is down in Southern Utah and Nina would certainly like to get back there again. They just came up here to keep house for Jeff after he graduated from that agricultural school back in Iowa, and had to get himself a ranch to try out what he'd learned. The rest of the family are all married."

"It sounds like fun," said Marva. "Maybe we'd better take some riding clothes along. Does he have riding horses?"

"A couple. But it will more than likely be too cold for riding. You'll have to leave that until next spring. Jeff goes mostly in for raising cattle. Those black and white ones, you know."

"That doesn't sound very thrilling," Marva declared. "When I get my ranch I shall raise Palomino horses and Merino sheep."

"I thought that you were going to have a mushroom farm," Christine reminded her with a smile.

"That was last week," replied Marva airily.

Mrs. Willet insisted that they go rather early the next day, so that she could help her sister prepare the dinner. "I'm going to take out the pumpkin pies," she said, "and stuffing for the turkey. Nina never did learn how to make good stuffing."

They left shortly after ten, driving out in Mrs. Willet's ancient Chevrolet. The weather was fairly mild, but the day was gray and it looked as if they might have either rain or snow before evening. Geniel was glad to get away from the boarding house for the day. She still had twinges of homesickness on gray days, and this was her first Thanksgiving away from home. She was thinking nostalgically of her own mother's dinners, and was grateful that Mrs. Burrows liked to cook for a big crowd.

"We may have to borrow a sleigh to come back in," announced Mrs. Willet cheerfully. "I don't have any snow tires on Bertha here."

"Or we could just stay on at the ranch," commented Marva, "and all become champion milkmaids."

"Right now I'm doing my best to learn how to balance two pumpkin pies," said Christine. "It looks to me as if we were carrying enough to feed the entire county."

"Oh, there're just ten or twelve,"

said Mrs. Willet, swinging around to avoid a chuck hole in the road. "I thought I might as well bake a couple of extras to put in their freezer."

"You'd better make this a mighty smooth ride, then," said Geniel, "or the pies will end up in our laps instead. We wouldn't look too well if we all went in decorated with pumpkin pie."

The ride was far from being smooth, especially over the last half mile, which was the private road up to the ranch house, but the girls managed to keep the pies on their laps and not in them.

Geniel had been very much interested in seeing Jeff's home. She had pictured a low rambling house in the first-class ranch tradition. Instead it was a two-story house of the style built in the early part of the century with a one story addition to the south that had obviously been only recently added.

IF she had been somewhat disappointed in the outside of the house, she was pleasantly surprised with the interior. The new part was all living room with dining area at one end. At the other end was an enormous fireplace, filled now with a great log.

Crisp, white ruffled curtains at the windows, hooked rugs, and a fine maple highboy had created an early American room that could have come out of a top magazine.

Geniel would have loved to sink down into one of the chintz cushioned rockers in front of the fireplace and simply luxuriate in the warmth and comfort, but Marva had other ideas. On learning that Jeff was out working in the yard, she said, "Let's go out. Maybe we can pitch hay or get corn out of the silo."

"It sounds too utterly fascinating," said Christine, "but I'm declining, just the same. Maybe they'll give me a job in the kitchen instead. That's more my type."

Geniel had exactly the same sentiments, but she didn't say so. She wasn't going to let Jeff — or anyone else, think that she couldn't match Marva in youthful enthusiasm.

"You'll need galoshes," said Mrs. Burrows. "I'll get mine for one of you."

"And mine are out in the car," said Mrs. Willet. "I always keep them on hand. I never know when I'll have to get out and hoist Bertha from a mud hole."

Marva slipped into Mrs. Burrow's galoshes, and they happened to fit fairly well. Geniel put on her wraps and went out to the car. The boots were far too large, but at least they offered protection. Marva was already out to the corral railing by the time she had put them on. She followed without taking time to snap the fasteners.

"Hi there, dudes!" called Jeff. "Come on over and help me mend this fence. That is, if you know a saw from a hammer."

"Anything you can do, we can do better," sang Marva. "We can do anything better than you."

"No, you can't," came a bass reply.

"Yes, we can, yes, we can, yes, we can."

"All right, Annie Oakley. Let's see you get on the business end of this hammer. Or maybe you'd rather just hand me the nails."

Geniel had been stepping with

more and more difficulty across the corral where a combination of recent rains and the hooves of cattle had made a sticky mud. Now she found, to her horror, that her boots were stuck fast. If she pulled out of them she would be ankle deep in mire. She stood there absolutely helpless.

When Jeff finally noticed her plight, he grinned. She knew that nobody under the sun could have helped seeing it as funny, but she was furious just the same.

"Hold it," he called, most unnecessarily. "I'll come over and rescue you."

He strode over and lifted her up in his arms. Then he carried her over to the fence and set her down on the dry ground. "Now, lady," he said seriously, "let that be a lesson to you. Never try to squeeze your number six shoes into number ten boots. Or, if you do, rivet them on."

"Or stay out of mud holes," she added.

JEFF went back and pulled the boots free. "I'll turn the hose on these," he said. "You walk around the fence. It's longer but much drier."

Geniel would have much preferred going back into the house at once, but she wasn't going to retreat in disgrace. Assuming a nonchalance that she was far from feeling, she walked around and joined Marva at the far side of the corral.

A few minutes later when Mrs. Burrows called from the porch, "Jeff, where are those carrots you were going to bring me?" Geniel said, "Let me take them up."

"Sure," he replied easily and went into the barn for a small bag of carrots.

She took them and hurried back, leaving Marva to hand out nails, banter, and whatever else seemed best suited to the occasion.

Another automobile load of guests had arrived, and there were introductions to the Robertson family, much chatter and gaiety.

Geniel glanced into the kitchen to see if she might be of any help there, but it was already overcrowded, so she went back to the living room. She sank down onto the divan which commanded a view both of the blazing hearth and the snow-capped mountains in the distance.

She loved the nearness of these Idaho mountains. In Denver they had seemed somewhat out of reach. Soon her glance caught another view — Jeff and Marva coming back into the house, laughing hugely at some shared joke. For an anguished moment she wondered if she were the central character in that joke. What a ridiculous figure she must have cut! No wonder they were laughing at her.

They came on into the house, and as soon as Marva had shed her wraps she joined Geniel on the divan.

"Jeff was just telling me the funniest story," she began. "There's an Irishman who lives down the road and. . . ."

Geniel almost sighed aloud in her relief. Never in all of her life had she so enjoyed a story about an Irishman.

Marva had just finished telling how he made sweaters for his piglets, when Mrs. Burrows summoned them to dinner. There were twelve in all, and Geniel couldn't help feel-

ing a glow of satisfaction when Jeff took the trouble of seating her first.

The annoyance and chagrin she had felt faded in the warmth of this friendly group. The dinner was sumptuous with the traditional roast turkey, cranberries, candied yams, and Mrs. Willet's super stuffing. They even finished off four of the pumpkin pies—much to Geniel's surprise.

The dishes were cleared away and left — at Mrs. Burrows insistence — until after the guests had gone. "Pa and I can do them later," she said. "It's one of our best times to talk things over." So they all gathered back in the living room where conversation and music kept up a happy theme.

Geniel couldn't remember when she had been with a more congenial group of people. Even the Robertson family, who had been total strangers, seemed like old friends and chatted as such.

Just before dusk Jeff excused himself to go out and do the chores. "The cows and pigs just don't realize that this is a holiday," he complained.

"But the turkeys sure found out," shouted little Tommy Robertson. "And we sure do."

JEFF and his father had just gone out to do the chores when the phone rang. Much to her surprise, the call was for Geniel. "I gave central the number here," explained Mrs. Willet. "I was pretty sure that someone would be calling."

It was the folks at home. As she returned to the living room, smiling, Christine said, "I know who that was. You look so happy it must have been your young man in Denver."

Geniel colored as she replied, "No, you're quite wrong. That was my mother and dad."

She had never for one minute expected Ernest to call — for no better reason than she was sure it would never occur to him that the day or the occasion called for it. At any rate she was glad it had been her own folks. It made just one more happy experience in a lovely day.

The men returned from doing the chores soon after dark, and all too soon it was time for them to leave. "I have only one light on the car," announced Mrs. Willet comfortably. "But then, we don't run into many people out this way. Especially on a holiday."

"Just take care that you don't run into anybody, Auntie dear," cautioned Jeff. "You don't want to start a schoolteacher shortage around here — not to mention a shortage of desirable boarders."

"Other than that, it would be of no great moment," observed Marva breezily.

"None whatever," agreed Jeff. Just the same he insisted that they wait until he had supplied the missing light.

They said their thanks and goodbyes and went out to the old car for the ride home. "I'd like to live on a farm," said Marva as they jolted homeward.

"Not I," said Mrs. Willet. "You work early and late. You clear the snow off your own road out to the highway when it storms. If a crop fails you're broke for a whole year. I'd a lot rather live in town and cook for twenty boarders."

"Oh, but look at the fun you can have on a farm," Marva persisted.

"What fun?" Mrs. Willet wanted to know.

"Well, maybe satisfaction is a better word. You can make things grow — you have freedom. . . ."

"Like having to milk cows regardless of whether it's Christmas or Thanksgiving, or if you're almost too sick to move."

Marva laughed. "Oh, come now. Wouldn't you rather have been out there to dinner today than in any hotel in the country?"

"Sure. There are lots of good things, along with the bad. But I grew up on a farm, and I know what I'm talking about. You really have to love the land to be happy on one."

"Or be with people you love," was Christine's comment.

"So — maybe I love the land," Marva conceded. "How about you, Geniel? Wouldn't you like to live on a farm?"

"I don't know. I hadn't really thought about it. It might be all right if I could learn to keep out of mudholes. I think that you could be happy anywhere, Marva."

They hadn't been home ten minutes before Johnny came dashing in, bringing some large apples, a bowl of carmel corn — and a turkey wishbone.

"I knew you'd be hungry after spending all day out in the country," he said, "so I gathered a few items together. Or maybe you'd rather come over and hold a wake with the remains of the turkey."

"I'd rather not even think about food," said Christine.

"I'll take carmel corn," said Marva. "There's something wonderful about popcorn. No matter how much you eat you never get filled up."

"Speak for yourself," said Geniel. "Personally, I'll settle for a chance at the wishbone."

Johnny held it out and with great solemnity they made their wishes and pulled. "You won," he said with an air of resignation.

"Yes," replied Geniel. But to herself she said, "No, you won, Johnny. My wish was for you."

(*To be continued*)

After the Silent Year

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Today, we met, after the silent year,
And took the same path, over the hill;
We said, "Remember this," and "it was here . . ."
There were memories enough to fill
Each shadow's length. We found the willow tree,
And crossed the brook reminiscently.

"The same," we said; and waited for such speech
As often flowed, freely, deep and wide,
Between us; waited — but no word could reach
Beyond the shallow froth, the rushing tide
Of inconsequential, over-washed debris.
We found that we had only memory.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the Relief Society *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Geneel Stewart

NORTH TOOELE STAKE (UTAH) RETIRING OFFICERS AND BOARD MEMBERS HONORED AT SOCIAL, September 29, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Delpha Hall, Secretary-Treasurer; Ruth Bird, First Counselor; Leona Boyce, President; Florence Johnson, Second Counselor.

Back row, standing, board members, left to right: Virginia Alsop, Martina Duffin, Mary McKellar, Cecil Barrus, Edna Turner, Geraldine Sagers, Mable Bryan.

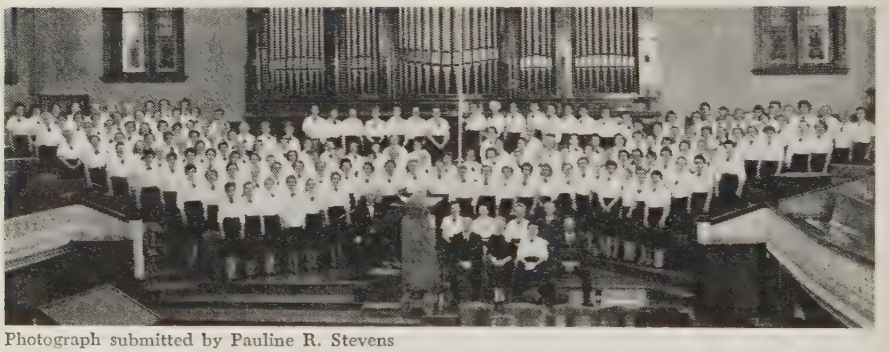
Geneel Stewart, President, North Tooele Stake Relief Society, reports: "A large crowd attended the lovely party arranged in honor of these fine women, who gave so much in their many years of devoted service to Relief Society. Gorgeous satin quilts (shown in the background of the picture) done in blue and gold, with the seal of Relief Society quilted in the center, were presented to the presidency and the secretary. The quilts were the work of the members of the seven wards in the stake. Board members were presented lovely gold necklaces bearing the seal of Relief Society. A group of Singing Mothers singing the beautiful number 'Lovely Women,' highlighted the well-planned program. Refreshments were served by the new presidency and board members."

Photograph submitted by Ardella H. Stevens

MOUNT OGDEN STAKE (OGDEN, UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Standing in the front row: Hazel Kartchner, organist, Mount Ogden Stake Relief Society; Mathel Ridges, chorister.

Ardella H. Stevens, President, Mount Ogden Stake Relief Society, reports that a chorus of ninety-two Singing Mothers sang for two sessions of stake conference, November 13, 1960. Four beautiful numbers were rendered by these busy mothers under the very efficient leadership of the stake music department. They sang: "Lord, God of Our Fathers," "The Old Refrain," "Oh, Lovely Land, America," and "Abide With Me." Twenty-seven of the women in this group sang in the chorus that furnished the music for the Friday sessions of the General Church Conference in October, and also for the Wednesday afternoon session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference.



Photograph submitted by Pauline R. Stevens

BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, October 5, 1960

Seated, front row, left to right: Bishop Scott Welch, son of Ora M. Welch; Ora M. Welch, chorister, Big Horn Stake Relief Society; Pauline R. Stevens, President, Big Horn Stake Relief Society; William M. Stevens, husband of Pauline R. Stevens.

Second row, seated, left to right: Mary Helen Giles and Louise Hawley, Counselors,

Big Horn Stake Relief Society; Carma B. Johnson, composer of the song "Promise for America"; Glenn E. Neilson, President, Big Horn Stake.

Seated at the organ: Alexander Schreiner, Tabernacle organist.

Sister Stevens reports: "The 176 members made the 1,000 mile trip by private cars. Under the direction of Ora M. Welch, with Alexander Schreiner at the organ, they sang 'Beside Still Waters' by Hamblin and an original composition 'Promise for America' by Carma B. Johnson. This number was one of many entries in a creative writing project sponsored by the Big Horn Stake Relief Society Board under the direction of President Pauline R. Stevens, with Counselors Louise Hawley and Mary Helen Giles. This project was climaxed with the publication of a book *Gems to Treasure*, containing prose, poetry, vocal, and instrumental music. The book was enthusiastically received and is now in its second edition. Publication co-chairmen were Hazel Welch and Olive W. Nielson.

"The chorus members enjoyed a luncheon in the historic Lion House during their stay in Salt Lake City. It was really a thrill for all of them to attend conference. This is something they will remember all of their lives."

Photograph submitted by Nina Beth G. Cunningham

GOODING STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION

Front row, seated, left to right: Abbie Anderson; Elaine Pugmire; Clara Collier; Rose K. Dille; Ethel Boyer; Marjorie Prescott; Eula Olsen, chorister.

Second row, seated, left to right: Nina Beth G. Cunningham, President, Gooding Stake Relief Society; Nettie Moyes; Virgie Packer; Lennie Baum; Lucile A. Gibbs; Helen Barlow; Emily Williams; Joyce Ford, organist.

Back row, standing, left to right: Elda Haycock; Thelma Olsen; Twila Bingham; Venice Prince; Mary Lancaster; Maxine Willard; Madeline T. Hopkin.

Sister Cunningham reports: "This group of Singing Mothers rendered beautiful music, 'When Mothers Sing,' at our 1960 Visiting Teachers Convention. The film 'Unto the Least of These' was shown in addition to a demonstration of a proper visiting teacher report meeting. Stake Relief Society President Nina G. Cunningham, stake Secretary Eva Johnson, and stake visiting teacher message leader Mary Lancaster, with visiting teachers from each of the nine wards, were in the demonstration. A beautiful Quaker lace tablecloth was presented to the Jerome First Ward Relief Society for having the highest per cent of visiting teachers in attendance. President Twila Bingham accepted the gift. After all those in attendance were greeted by the entire stake board, refreshments were served by the daughters of the stake board members."

Photograph submitted by Esther Moulton

WEST UTAH STAKE, RIVERGROVE FIRST WARD WORK MEETING

Esther Moulton, President, West Utah Stake Relief Society, reports: "Relief Society proved to be very interesting and profitable at this work meeting in the Rivergrove First Ward. The morning was spent unselfishly by the sisters rendering service for the benefit of Relief Society by participating in quilting, embroidering, tearing and sewing of rags. In the afternoon, a demonstration on the preparation of sweet rolls and breads was given. Each sister received a pamphlet of recipes and instructions prepared by the ward presidency. The ward presidency, consisting of Mary A. Hendricksen, President, Lela Carter and Zella Johnson, Counselors, and Mildred Clark, Secretary-Treasurer, along with the work meeting leader, Ruth Skinner, felt that the day was not only profitable to the Relief Society organization, but also beneficial and enjoyable to the sisters in attendance."

Photograph submitted by Kathleen R. Carpenter

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, SOUTHWEST MISSOURI DISTRICT SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR DISTRICT CONFERENCE

Seated at the right, left to right: Orleans Tinnell, Work Director Counselor, Central States Mission Relief Society; Marcella Meador; Gladys Drummond, First Counselor, Central States Mission Relief Society; Kathleen R. Carpenter, President.

Seated at the piano: Beth Hill, organist; standing back of Sister Hill: Lorena Utley, chorister; Ann Glover.

Front row, standing, left to right: Mary Jane Simmons; Hazel Gordon; Helen Green; Pauline Moffet; Gertrude Morgan, President Webb City Branch Relief Society; Grace Nickle, District *Magazine* representative; Lucie Cahill; Leota Amlin; Mary Gordon; Betty Lou Powers; Myrtle Hughes; Elizabeth T. Barcroft, Work Director Counselor, Southwest Missouri District; Mildred Alderman.

Second row, standing, left to right: Lucille Abernathy; Wanda Larson, President, Neosho Branch Relief Society; Mary Murray; Ola Montague; Jessie Dugger; Nina Beagley; Clara Mitchell, President, Cross Timbers Branch Relief Society; Ada Gates; Ruth S. Olson, President, Southwest Missouri District Relief Society; Gertie Ohler, First Counselor, Southwest Missouri District Relief Society.

Inset: Dorothy Clay, Secretary-Treasurer, Central States Mission Relief Society.

Sister Carpenter reports that this group of faithful sisters sang as a group for the first time at the District Conference in Springfield, Missouri.

Photograph submitted by Lois Geniel Jensen

URUGUAYAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS MAKE DOLLS FROM "MATE" GOURDS

At the right: Typical "Gaucho" and China Dolls made by the sisters of the Uruguayan Mission Relief Society.

At the left: Lois Geniel Jensen, President, Uruguayan Mission Relief Society, demonstrating a "before" and "after" example of the new personality acquired by the familiar "mate" gourd.

Sister Jensen reports: "The familiar 'mate' gourds typical of Uruguay, Argentina, Paraguay, and Brazil, have acquired new and interesting personalities by being converted into 'gaucho' and 'china' dolls by the Relief Societies of the Uruguayan Mission. Papier mache is used over the gourds to form the features. The bodies are constructed of papier and old sheets, and adhesive tape is used to make the specially constructed joints flexible and strong.

"In a special project to provide the interior branches with sewing machines and materials, these typical dolls were made by the sisters of the Capital District and sold at a subsequent 'fiesta criolla' in Montevideo.

"Since this novel idea was introduced, other interesting things have been produced from this common household article which is sold in every store and market place for but a few pennies. Specially decorated candleholders, planters, and hand puppets are now among the many things made from the 'mate' which add interest and luster to the Relief Society bazaars in the Uruguayan Mission."

Photograph submitted by Ida A. Gallagher

MURRAY STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD ENTERTAINS WARD OFFICERS AND CLASS LEADERS AT AN INTERNATIONAL CHRISTMAS PARTY, November 18, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Grace Jensen, representing Sweden; Marie Dansie, Mexico; Teresa Johansen, Norway; Gwen Lang and daughter, Carol (standing), Scotland.

Back row, standing, left to right: Elizabeth Wohler, Holland; Caroleen May, New Zealand; Dorothy Hughes, England; Sheila Watts and daughter, Norma, Peru; Gloria Hughes, England; Louise Barthell, Switzerland; Luise Widmar and granddaughter Susan, Germany; Nel Sares, Holland; Joyce Naylor, Australia; Helen Hoopiani, Hawaii.

Ida A. Gallagher, President, Murray Stake Relief Society, reports: "An unusual and colorful program was presented November 18, 1960, in the afternoon at the Murray Stake Center by the Relief Society stake board, following their regular monthly leadership meeting, for Relief Society officers and class leaders of the wards in the stake.

"Many people have come from various countries to live within the boundaries of Murray Stake. Each of these countries has its own customs and manner of celebrating the Christmas season, and these treasures were shared with those attending the social. Tables were placed about the recreation hall, and these tables were decorated and displays arranged by women representing the countries in which they had lived or had some connection or relationship. In addition to many articles and objects of interest displayed, each woman had prepared a special delicacy typical of the Christmas season in her homeland. Most of the women were in authentic costumes.

"As refreshments were served, each woman was introduced and special Christmas music, representative of her country, was presented. Special numbers were given by Helen Hoopiani, who played the ukulele and sang two Hawaiian songs; a vocal duet by Holland hostesses Elizabeth Wohler and Nel Sares; and Swiss music boxes by Louise Barthell. Impromptu numbers were given by Fritz Barthell who sang two Swiss songs, and Teresa Johansen and Ida Gallagher who danced a Norwegian polka. After the program, the guests were invited to inspect the display tables and were treated to samples of the various foods prepared. The program was under the direction of Edith North, work meeting leader."

Photograph submitted by Ruth O. Stapley

PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ENTERTAIN AT LUNCHEON TO PROMOTE THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

November 2, 1960

Seated, left to right, ward *Magazine* representatives: Elnora Shupe, Kathleen Ellis, Lorna Mortenson, Ann Pomeroy, Olive Brandon, Cleora Colvin, Alma Potter.

Back row, standing, left to right: Jessie Gilliland, Counselor, Phoenix Stake Relief Society; Ruth O. Stapley, President; Zona Waldie, Counselor; Marie Heywood, stake *Magazine* representative; Loretta Morris, Secretary-Treasurer; ward presidents: Loarene McDowell; Vernice Haumont; Beulah Wright; Edna Battie; Fan Thompson; Phyllis Smith; Wanda Svob.

President Stapley reports: "The floral decorations portrayed our *Magazine* theme 'Over the Top.' A large blue and yellow top can be seen centered among large and small yellow chrysanthemums, with blue ribbon bows. A small *Magazine* was attached to the tallest chrysanthemum.

"Individual favors made up of small blue tops placed on a yellow base surrounded by yellow and blue flowers, with a tiny *Relief Society Magazine* attached to the flowers, were given to each guest.

"Posters were displayed and presented to the ward *Magazine* representatives for display in their wards.

"During the luncheon a contest was held for the best verse concerning the *Magazine* drive.

"A very interesting feature of the luncheon was a large cake decorated in the exact likeness of the cover of the July 1960 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* — a most beautiful creation made and decorated by Wanda Strebech, one of our ward visiting teacher message leaders.

"An increased interest in a desire to go 'Over the Top' has been manifested by our ward presidents. Testimonies of *Magazine* representatives have grown. They have become acquainted with new members of the Church, and have been instrumental in interesting inactive members to attend Relief Society. They have interested non-members in the Relief Society program, and have been instrumental in sending missionaries into many homes. They have placed *Magazines* in doctors' and dentists' offices. This year the stake *Magazine* subscriptions have increased from 84 per cent to 129 per cent."

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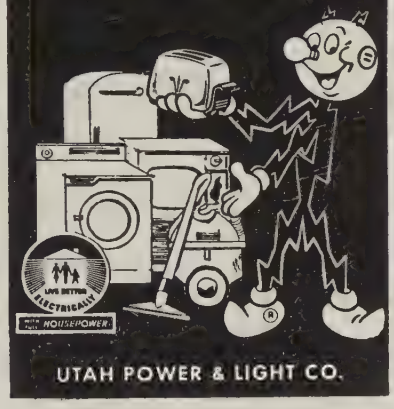

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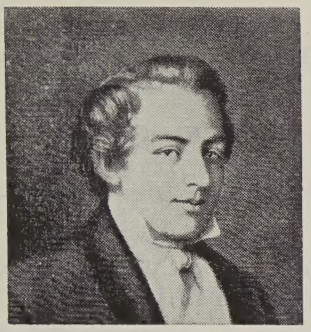

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